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## OLIVE'S TRUST.

By the Author of "Fault on Both Sides," &c.

### CHAPTER III.

Alas, how light a cause may move  
Dissensions between those who love! — Moore.

SIR LIONEL MARSTON of Chambercombe was a very great person indeed in his own estimation, and, by dint of impressing his greatness upon the county for many years, his neighbours had come to accept him at almost his own valuation, and if ever a man was respected in the parish Sir Lionel Marston was that man.

He had never committed but one foolish act in his life—at least, so he said himself, and who ought to know if he didn't?—and that was when he asked Mrs. Wilding to become Lady Marston.

Mrs. Wilding, when he married her, was a young widow with an only child, the son whose return to Chambercombe was chronicled in the last chapter, and it was that son who had embittered the married life of the great Sir Lionel, though not by any very discreditable acts of his own, for, granting he had been a little wild, a little gay, and a little extravagant, he had become so more from the thoughtless folly of youth than from any love of riot and dissipation.

But Charles Wilding's stepfather was not a man to make allowances for anybody. He was harsh, cruel, stern, and severe; besides, from the first he had entertained a jealous dislike and distrust of his wife's son, so that when the news reached him from London that Charles had been mixed up in a certain escapade, which had procured for him other than honourable mention in the newspapers, the baronet made up his mind that the time had come for him to act, and he acted accordingly.

Without consulting his wife, or, indeed, giving her even an inkling of his intention, he took the train to town, found his stepson at his chambers, presented him with a couple of hundred pounds in bank-notes,

and told him never to venture near Chambercombe again.

Charles Wilding was thunderstruck, but ere he could explain, beseech, or remonstrate, there came upon him a torrent of words, accusing him of ingratitude, profligacy, and misdemeanour only one degree removed from crime, and Charles, being a hot-headed, quick-tempered youth, replied with a vehemence that rendered useless all hope of apology and repentance being of avail to bridge the breach.

It had been a sharp, hard quarrel between stepfather and stepson, but, fierce as were the words interchanged and angry as were the looks between them, Charles Wilding bent his pride and lowered his dignity before Sir Lionel at the end to beg a favour, the only one, he solemnly swore, that he would ever ask of him.

It was refused. Yet it was but a natural request. The son asked but to kiss his mother's lips and bid her farewell ere he set out to fight the battle of life, to struggle against the cruel world alone; but, natural as was this desire, it was refused, and the refusal was coupled with insulting words to the effect that if Charles Wilding were found inside Chambercombe lodge-gates, under any pretext whatsoever, he would be kicked out.

Having announced this decision, Sir Lionel Marston went home with the happy consciousness of having done his duty, and his stepson sat in his easy chair, stunned and confused, trying in vain to realise the magnitude of the misfortune that had befallen him.

Charles Wilding was not a man to spend long in bemoaning his fate. He at once resolved upon a course of action, a course that would take him far away into foreign lands to earn a name and fortune; but he could not bear to leave the country without saying farewell to his mother, and to another who had grown very, very dear to him, Olive Markham by name.

For three days he loitered about Chambercombe, despite his stepfather's threats, but his mother he did not see. To Olive he bade a loving adieu, then bent

his steps to Southampton and left the land of his birth, not to return for many a long year—not to return till the night of the grand ball, at which the Markhams were present, accompanied by the Greville Paisleys.

The reason that Charles Wilding did not see his mother to bid her farewell was that when her husband, coming home from London, told her what he had done, she had fallen to the ground without a word in a dead faint, from which she recovered only to lie prostrate on a bed of sickness, hovering between life and death for many weeks.

This enforced separation from her son led to an open rupture with Sir Lionel. She had borne her husband's harshness, she had put up with his coldness, his sternness, and his pride, when she was the only victim, but when her son, her only, dearly loved son, was the sufferer she could no longer keep silent, and the baronet was surprised at the fierceness with which she attacked him, and the anger with which she condemned his cruelty.

Of course she, poor, weak woman that she was, could make no firm stand, no real resistance against her lord and master, but the injury had been done and the sorrow remained. She grew thinner and paler. Time and grief silvered her hair and furrowed her face, and she lived a sorrowing mother.

Outwardly Sir Lionel and Lady Marston were on the same terms as ever, but the little birds of Ripplebrook twittered and chirruped the fact that Chambercombe had ceased to be a happy home to its mistress.

It was to this home that Charles Wilding returned on the night of the ball, not as the prodigal, not as the son who had been lost and was found, but as the outcast, the vagrant, the wanderer who had no business in his mother's house, and it was with feelings of bitter hatred and cynical mistrust of the whole world that he walked along the stone terrace in front of the house, gazing at the brilliantly lighted windows, and listening to the sounds of music and of merriment with despair and half-a-dozen other evil feelings making havoc in his heart.

Every line, almost every stone of the old place was



familiar to him, every tree he greeted as an old friend, but the trees were the only friends he had to greet.

"What do I do here?" he asked himself, impatiently, as he stamped his foot upon the moss-grown flags of the terrace. "Why did I return to England and why, most of all, did I bend my steps to this accursed place?"

These questions he asked himself in a loud, determined tone.

The answer came in a still, small voice from the inmost recesses of his heart:

"To see Olive Markham—to see Olive Markham!" Some of the windows of the ball-room opened on to the terrace, and Charlie Wilding approached cautiously one of these, over which the curtains had been imperfectly drawn, suffering him to gaze in upon the festivities.

His eyes roamed about the old, familiar room and rested first upon the hard, handsome face of Sir Lionel, who, perfectly dressed, looked the very picture of the old English gentleman, as with stately courtesy he moved amongst his guests, addressing to each some few appropriate words.

From him Charlie Wilding averted his eyes with an expression of loathing, which melted away in an instant when he caught sight of his mother.

Older, much older looking was she than he had expected to find her, with an expression on her still beautiful face of care and sorrow, and a sad, mournful look in her eyes.

"That fiend ill-treats her," he muttered between his clenched teeth, and at the same moment he ground his heel upon the stone.

Yet it was not only for his mother's sake that Charlie Wilding was at Chambercombe that night.

Lovingly as his eyes lingered on her face, in a few minutes they roved away again amongst the gay dancers, scrutinising group after group till they lit up with a smile of pleasure as they rested on the graceful form of Olive Markham, moving through the dance with that elegance which was her special characteristic.

At sight of her the evil passions which had disfigured his handsome face disappeared like snow before the sun, and he pressed closer to the window to obtain a nearer view of the girl he loved.

She it was who, during his long years of absence, had saved him from going utterly and irredeemably to the bad. The remembrance of her face, with its large, pensive eyes, had risen before him again and again at various times and places, and always to exercise a good and holy influence over him.

But for his love for Olive Markham, Charles Wilding might have been all his stepfather declared him to be; but she had been, throughout his life abroad, his good angel guarding him from evil.

With that life we have nothing to do but to say it had been so far successful that he had returned home with a considerable amount of money in his pocket, and that it only rested with himself to cross the seas once more and make a fortune.

It was a genuine home-sickness that had brought him back to England; a desire to gaze once more upon familiar scenes and places, coupled with a hope, sometimes strong, but far oftener lamentably weak, that he might be able to persuade Olive to become his wife, and accompany him when he returned to the far-away land where wealth awaited him. But the revisiting Ripplebrook had not brought to him the unmixed delight he had imagined during his homeward voyage.

It had revived the remembrance of the cruel wrong he had suffered, and had aroused all the old antipathy to Sir Lionel Marston which had embittered his whole life, and had turned him against the world.

Charles Wilding had lived with and yet apart from his fellow men. It rested now—so he declared to himself—with Olive Markham what his future life should be, whether a happiness and a blessing, or a curse to himself and others.

Angrily he compressed his lips together, and muttered to himself as he gazed through the window at his love, when he saw how great was the attention she received from more than one of those at the Chambercombe ball that evening; but his anger was chiefly directed against one man, a stranger to him, whose whole object and purpose seemed to be to make himself agreeable to Olive Markham—and that man was Greville Paisley.

Once, in the intervals of the dance, they stood together in the recess of the very window through which he was gazing. But for the glass, he could have touched her.

Not a word of their conversation could he hear, though he saw their lips moving. Love is proverbially suspicious. Had he not been blinded by jealousy, he might have seen how little to the taste of Olive Markham were the attentions of the man by her side; but he was determined to see a rival in any one who danced with her or spoke to her, thus the

time spent by Charles Wilding on the terrace was disturbed by all the agonising phases of jealousy.

If she smiled at a partner, if her hand lingered but for a moment in that of a friend, his face grew distorted with passion, and his fingers closed involuntarily as if clutching the throat of an imaginary foe.

Charles Wilding, whatever he had acquired during his absence from England, had not learnt to control his evil passions. He looked distrustfully on the whole world; he despised the half he considered foolish, he hated the half he believed to be knaves, and to this sweeping category he made but two exceptions—his mother and Olive.

The wind blew and the rain fell, the branches of the Chambercombe trees swayed to and fro, creaking and groaning in the blast. It was a night when, to use the old phrase, no charitable man would have turned a dog out of doors, yet Charles Wilding, heedless of the storm, remained firm at his post of observation, not once losing sight of the girl he loved, till the hour arrived when the carriages came rolling down the avenue to fetch away Sir Lionel's guests, and the Chambercombe stable woke up into bustle and activity.

Then Charles Wilding moved slowly down to the entrance, and mixed with the group of footmen, grooms, and idlers who clustered about the doorway to see the visitors take their departure.

He would thus see Olive again, be close to her, perhaps, or even—who could tell?—have the chance of revealing himself to her.

Carriage after carriage drew up, received its occupants, and rolled away, then, with a beating heart, Charles Wilding heard the words passed from mouth to mouth: "Mr. Markham's carriage. Mr. Markham's carriage stops the way."

The next moment the bearded wanderer had pushed his way into the front rank, and stood close by the door against the old, familiar entrance he knew so well, and at the same instant Olive came forth, leaning on the arm of the man whose attentions had so roused his jealousy.

There was a slight delay. Olive was standing by him, her dress almost touching the dripping garments of her lover.

She was totally unconscious of his presence, but he—ah, how his heart beat! She was there, close to him—she for whose sake he had crossed the ocean, she whom he loved with the whole strength of his wild, passionate heart.

Without thinking of consequences, led on by his feelings, forgetting everything but his great love, he had the hardihood to stretch forth his hand and take the dainty, white-gloved fingers of Olive Markham in his grasp.

Startled and indignant, Olive looked at the bronzed, bearded face without recognition, and with a little cry of alarm shrank back and clung to Greville Paisley for protection.

"What is it?" he asked, tenderly.

"That man—that man!" she stammered.

"Olive, Olive, don't you know me?" her lover whispered in her ear.

In an instant she recognised his voice, but at the same moment the carriage drew up.

"Out of the way, fellow," said Captain Paisley, as Charles Wilding in his eagerness pressed forward, and he enforced his words by a vigorous push that sent the young man, unprepared for such an assault, staggering backwards.

In a second Charles Wilding recovered himself and sprang after him, but he was too late. The carriage door was shut, and Olive, with Captain Paisley by her side, was driving rapidly homeward.

There was a slight laugh from those of the lookers-on who had seen what had taken place. Charles Wilding glared fiercely and angrily around him. Nothing would have pleased him better at that moment than to quarrel with any one or every one of those who, like himself, clustered round the doorway; but there was something in the expression of his face that warned them to be careful, and the little crowd opened a way for him and let him pass through without a word, and watched him as he walked with quick, steady strides up the avenue, wondering who he might be.

It would have gone hard with Captain Greville Paisley had he met Charles Wilding that night.

#### CHAPTER IV.

My apprehensions come in crowds;  
I dread the rustling of the grass!  
The very shadows of the clouds  
Have power to shake me as they pass.

Wordsworth.

It was a late hour on the morning after the ball before the inmates of Ripplebrook Lodge assembled to breakfast.

Mrs. Paisley and her husband, used to late hours, balls, and such-like dissipations, showed nothing unusual in their appearance. Fresh, lively, merry, and well dressed, with a fund of anecdote and light, airy

gossip and badinage, they were the life and soul of the breakfast-table; indeed, they enjoyed almost a monopoly of the conversation.

Olive had too much to think of, even had she desired to cultivate a friendly intercourse with the Paisleys, to join in their trivial chatter, which, situated as she was, only served to worry and irritate her.

Her father was the first cause of her anxiety. His gloom and depression of spirits increased rather than diminished.

It was evident to any one, looking at him with eyes of affection, that the last three days had aged him considerably. As he sat at the breakfast-table he looked quite an old man, bent and careworn. His manner, too, so different from what it had been prior to Mrs. Greville Paisley's appearance at the Lodge, was sad and abstracted, and it needed no great skill in face-reading to see, that morning, as he sat at the table with his untasted breakfast before him, that his thoughts were far away from his surroundings.

In vain Olive racked her brain to find the slightest clue to the mystery.

Never until the day before the Chambercombe ball had she had the slightest reason for believing there was or had been anything in her father's life to raise it above the ordinary commonplace monotony of that of any other country gentleman with a nice house and money sufficient for his wants.

Besides this matter, Olive had another subject for thought, one which, if possible, still more nearly affected herself, and that was the return of Charles Wilding to England.

She had known his voice the preceding evening when he had spoken her name, though she had failed to recognise in the bronzed, bearded, weather-stained man who had taken her hand so boldly in his the fresh, smooth-faced, impulsive lad who, years before, driven from his home, had spoken to her of his love and turning his back on England to make a name and a fortune in a distant land.

She loved him; she had loved him since the time when, boy and girl together, they had gathered blackberries and picked nosegays of wild flowers in the Chambercombe woods. She had never believed the stories against him, and had ever cherished the belief that one day he would return to be welcomed in true prodigal-son fashion. Now he had returned—but how?

There at Chambercombe, on the night of the ball, not as the son of the mistress of the house, but slinking about the door with grooms and loungers, afraid to reveal his identity. Yet she could not but believe that he was still worthy of her love; she could not doubt he still loved her, and her conscience smote her that she had not given him so much as a single word or look or sign to tell him how gladly she welcomed him back to England and how truly her heart was his if he still cared to claim it.

Surely these two subjects were sufficient to occupy Olive Markham's mind, and to account for the sleepless night she had passed, which had robbed her cheeks of their roses, had deadened the lustre of her eyes, and made her sit at the head of the breakfast-table abstracted and preoccupied in manner.

In vain Mrs. Greville Paisley rallied her on what she was pleased to term her woebegone appearance. Olive was so busy with her thoughts that if she heard she heeded not, so that, in spite of the liveliness of their guests, the morning meal at Ripplebrook Lodge the day after the ball was as gloomy and dull as could be.

It was a relief to everybody when it came to an end. Cora and Alice went straightway off to the garden. Captain Paisley followed them as far as the lawn, where he proceeded to enjoy himself with a cigar and the newspaper; and Rawdon Markham, offering his arm to Mrs. Greville Paisley, crossed the hall with her to the library, so that Olive was left alone in the breakfast-parlour.

"Why had her father shut himself in the library with that woman?" the girl asked herself again and again, but without being able to answer her own question.

What was this secret, this mystery, in which she was not permitted to participate?

For half an hour she waited, arguing and reasoning with herself, then she crossed the hall and opened the library door.

She had no intention of playing the part of spy or eavesdropper—she was by far too honest a girl for that; but her father and the fine London lady were at the opposite end of the chamber, with their backs to the door, so that they neither saw nor heard her entrance, and, ere they knew of her presence, she had heard a part of their conversation.

"You have done all I told you?" asked Mrs. Greville Paisley.

"Everything," answered the girl.

"You are quite ready?"

"Is there no chance? Have you no mercy?"



It went to Olive's heart to hear the suppliant, miserable tone in which her father asked the questions.

"Of two evils choose the least," said Mrs. Paisley, in a sententious voice.

"And the girls, my poor girls! What will become of them?"

"They can take care of themselves. I will look after them, too. Hush!"

Her quick ear caught the sound of Olive's step on the soft carpet, and, turning sharply round, she confronted the girl with a penetrating, scrutinising glance, as if to read in her face how much she had overheard, how much she had understood.

"You come upon me like a spectre, Olive," Mrs. Paisley said, in her light, jaunty manner, very different from that of the minute before in talking to Rawdon Markham. "You steal about on tiptoe in a most uncomfortable manner. How pale you are! When nature won't supply roses, thank goodness, art will. Just a *souçon* of rouge, my love, would improve your looks wonderfully—wouldn't it, Rawdon?"

"Yes, yes—wonderfully," said Rawdon Markham, gazing out abstractedly from the window at Captain Paisley smoking his cigar on the lawn.

"Thank you," answered Olive, coldly; then, turning to her father, she continued: "Papa, you are looking very ill. I want you to come for a walk with me—just a little way—I'm sure Mrs. Paisley will excuse us for half an hour."

Mr. Markham looked questioning at his visitor, and Olive saw, or fancied she saw, Mrs. Paisley make a slight negative sign with her head.

"I can't, my dear. I—I'm hardly equal to it," the master of the house answered. "I don't think I can walk to-day. No, no; in fact, I was going for a ride—a short ride."

"Then let me tell them to saddle Cherry, and I will go with you."

"Well, my dear, the fact is—you see, Olive—I was just going to ask a favour of you," he said.

"A favour of me?"

"Yes, dear. Captain Paisley is a stranger here, and I—I think I ought to—to show him a little of the country. In short, Olive, I want you to lend Captain Paisley your horse for to-day—do you mind, dear?"

"Of course, papa, I will do anything you wish," Olive answered, but there was no concealing the disappointment of her tone.

"Like a good, dutiful girl," put in Mrs. Groville Paisley. "You're a model daughter, Olive!"

Sharp words rose to Olive's tongue by way of reply, but she restrained them, and, with tears in her eyes, walked to another part of the room and took up a book, while her father rang the bell and gave the necessary orders for saddling the two horses and bringing them round to the front door as soon as possible.

While this scene had been going on in the library, Captain Paisley, calm and impressive, had continued to lounge in a garden chair on the lawn, with his newspaper and cigar, as if he, of all people in the world, were the least concerned in the affairs of the Markham household.

Mrs. Groville Paisley and Rawdon Markham, ignoring Olive's presence, continued to talk together in a low tone until the servant announced the horses were ready.

Then Captain Paisley was summoned from the lawn, when he expressed himself perfectly enchanted at the prospect of a ride in the charming country.

"Good-bye—good-bye, my darling Olive," Mr. Markham said, striving to conquer an emotion that almost prevented his utterance, and he kissed his daughter with great affection three or four times.

"What a leave-taking!" laughed Mrs. Paisley. "One would think it was for ever instead of an hour or two."

"Where are Cora and Alice?" continued Mr. Markham. "I must say good-bye to them."

"My dear Rawdon, do you go through these formal partings whenever you leave the house?"

"I must to-day. Call my two girls; I must bid them good-bye."

"You are coming back, papa? You will be home to dinner?" Olive asked, in a tone of some alarm.

"Yes, yes, my dear; I—I shall come back—yes, I shall come back!"

"To dinner, of course," interposed Mrs. Paisley, quickly, "and be sure you're in good time; if you keep us waiting, I shall be, oh, so cross. Groville, mind you take every care of Mr. Markham; when two gentlemen get together they seem to find so much to say and to do that they don't care to come back home to their poor, dragging wives."

Mrs. Paisley did not look much like a dragging wife, Olive thought, but she kept the opinion to herself.

Just at that moment Cora and Alice entered from

the garden where they had been discussing the previous night's ball.

Rawdon Markham took first one and then the other in his arms, kissing them with more than his usual fervour as he wished them good-bye.

Surprised at a farewell that might have been for years instead of hours, the three girls followed their father to the door.

"Good-bye again, my darlings," he cried as he mounted his horse. "Heaven bless you all!"

Then he and Captain Paisley set off at a sharp canter, and were soon lost to sight in a bend of the road.

"There," said Mrs. Paisley, in a more genuine tone than usual, "I'm glad they're gone."

Olive looked surprised and amazed.

"Do you think me so very wicked for rejoicing at being quit of my husband?" she asked. "I tell you why it is; I do so enjoy a chat with my own sex without any horrid male creatures to disturb us. Besides, I know you don't like me, and I am determined you shall. Come, Olive, sit down by me, and let us talk. What shall it be about? Our dresses or our lovers—the newest fashion or the latest scandal. Shall we abuse our dearest friends, or shall we praise each other?"

"I am not competent to converse on any of these subjects," Olive answered; "besides, I have my household duties to attend to. Pray excuse me, Mrs. Paisley, if I leave you."

Without waiting for an answer Olive left the room. It was a rude speech and a rude act, but at the moment she was incapable of speaking or acting otherwise.

Her heart was filled with apprehension concerning her father, and Mrs. Paisley's light, bantering tone jarred on her feelings, independently of which she and that lady had no subjects or feelings in common. Oil and water would mix before these two could ever be friends.

Never before had the kind-hearted, innocent girl met with any one whom she so heartily disliked as she did Mrs. Groville Paisley, yet, when she came to question and examine herself, she could find no sufficient reason for her violent antipathy.

Mrs. Paisley, repulsed by Olive, took refuge with Cora and Alice. They had no share in their elder sister's sentiments. They looked upon their father's friend with awe and admiration, and felt flattered by her notice, so Mrs. Paisley asked them to sit with her, and spent the whole morning in recounting, for their edification, the wonders and glories of the fashionable life of London, mixed with a great deal of worldly advice to the effect that to look well, to dress well, and ultimately to marry well, were the noblest ambitions of the female sex.

Her conversation opened, as it were, a new life to these young country girls, who had, until then, no knowledge of the gay world of fashion and pleasure, and so skillfully did Mrs. Paisley paint her picture, intensifying the high lights and modifying the deep shades, that she nearly turned their brains with the desire to move in those circles where everybody was happy, merry, and rich, young, beautiful, and well-dressed, and when Mrs. Paisley proposed that Cora and Alice should come and stay a few weeks with her in town, they kissed her in very excess of gratitude for her kindness and goodness to them.

"It would be easy enough," murmured Mrs. Groville Paisley, to herself, later in the day, as she stood before the looking-glass in her own room, arranging her magnificent hair. "It would be easy enough to settle but for that other girl. I don't understand her; I can't manage her. Still I don't think I need fear her. Fear!" she repeated, with a contemptuous smile; "why, she's but a child, and knows no more of the world and its ways than a caterpillar."

Ten minutes before the dinner hour the ladies had all assembled in the drawing-room of Ripplebrook Lodge, but the gentlemen had not returned.

Olive, pale, silent, and thoughtful, sat somewhat apart from the others, her eyes fixed on the clock.

It chimed and struck the hour.

"Those truant men," cried Mrs. Groville Paisley, laughingly, "where can they be? It's always the way when they get together, without the softer sex to exercise a gentle influence over them. I suppose you will give them half an hour's grace, Olive?"

"We cannot dine till my father comes home."

Mrs. Paisley shrugged her white shoulders, which her low evening dress displayed to the best advantage, and, rising, crossed the room to the piano. Mention has already been made of her wonderful skill as a musician. Seating herself, she swept her jewelled fingers over the keys in a succession of rich, full chords, then burst suddenly into a lovely plaintive melody, rising and falling in a succession of sweet yet melancholy cadences which held the three girls entranced.

"That is sad!" said Mrs. Paisley, bringing down

her hands upon the notes with a discordant crash, and the next moment rattling off into a quick succession of Offenbach's liveliest airs.

The half-hour passed, and still the gentlemen had not returned from their ride.

"Mrs. Paisley?" cried Olive, in the middle of that lady's brilliant performance of a fantasia on the "Grande Duchesse" airs.

"My love," responded the visitor, half turning round.

"Where is my father?"

For a moment Mrs. Paisley looked confused, but she recovered herself instantly.

"I haven't a notion," she replied, and, turning round, she resumed the music, playing the very note at which she had been interrupted.

Again the clock on the mantelpiece chimed and struck. It was an hour after the appointed dinner time. The footman appeared at the drawing-room door.

"Will you wait any longer for master, miss?" he said to Olive.

Mrs. Groville Paisley from the music stool made answer:

"No, John, serve dinner at once; the gentlemen must put up with a *réchauffé* when they come in."

Olive turned paler than before at this assumption of the mistress by her father's guest.

"You can serve dinner, John," she said. "Mrs. Groville Paisley cannot wait for the master of the house."

"No, my dear," answered the lady mentioned, good humouredly, "I never put off dinner for anything. Only fancy—it's a shocking confession—but I positively like to eat and drink. As to waiting for a man I never did such a thing in my life. I've no doubt we shall enjoy our dinner very well without them. They'll come in at ten o'clock to cold cutlets and lukewarm potatoes, and that will be a lesson to them to keep better hours next time."

No more was said. Olive felt herself totally unequal to engaging in a wordy combat with Mrs. Paisley, and in a few minutes the whole party adjourned to the dining-room.

Mrs. Paisley excelled herself in conversation. She had a great deal to say, and she said it well; and if Olive maintained an unmoved face at her wittiest speeches and liveliest sallies, Cora and Alice more than atoned for her by their merry laughter and evident admiration.

They saw nothing extraordinary in their father's absence. There were a hundred ways of accounting for it—his horse might have gone lame; he might have lost his way; he might have been detained by a dozen different things. It was not even as if he were alone. Captain Paisley was with him, and it was not likely an accident could have happened to them both.

To Olive the knowledge that Captain Paisley had set out with her father was no consolation. Every minute she became more and more firmly impressed with the conviction that there was something wrong. Her heart was filled with a vague apprehension of evil—evil in some way connected with the Groville Paisleys, but in what way time alone could show.

Nine o'clock—ten—eleven struck, still the horsemen had not returned.

At half-past eleven there came a ring at the gate bell, and without a word Olive flew to answer it in person. A ragged, rosy-cheeked boy stood without.

"A letter for Miss Markham," he said; and, pushing an envelope into Olive's hand, he turned, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.

With the presentiment of evil stronger than ever upon her, Olive, instead of returning at once to the drawing-room, took the letter into the library. Hastily breaking the seal, she took the paper from its cover, and, with the most gloomy fears and forebodings, read as follows:

"MY DARLING DAUGHTER.—When this reaches you I shall be many, many miles away. I have bidden you all a long farewell. Look upon me as in the grave—I am dead to the world. Perhaps the day may come when, even in this life, we may meet again—who can tell?—I pray it may. Consider the Groville Paisleys your nearest and dearest friends. Watch over Cora and Alice with a mother's care. Everything at Ripplebrook is yours. I leave all in your hands with confidence.

"Your distracted, heartbroken father;

"R. M."

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE HOUSES.—The Japanese have habits of living about as unlike ours as the inhabitants of the moon, if that satellite has any living beings. Here is a sketch of a Japanese house:—When the walls of a house are up it consists of but one large room, which is then cut up by partitions, which are nothing more than sliding screens that close up into each other in a fashion that admits of one apart-

ment being divided into a dozen distinct ones instantly. There are no chimneys attached to the houses, and they contain no beds, chairs or tables. The floors are covered with a series of clean bamboo mats or cushions, each six feet by three, and nicely bound with red or blue tape. They are stuffed with light wool or moss, and are as soft and yielding to pressure as the heaviest Brussels velvet. These mats fit in with each other as regularly as the squares on a chess board, and the whole floor is kept as clean and is dusted as often as the mahogany side-board in the house of a Dutch burgher. No flock of dirt is ever allowed to rest upon the polished surface of the matting, and to step upon it with a pair of boots would be a great insult. The family sit upon the matting all day, with their legs bent under them, in a shape that would give any foreigner incurable paralysis in fifteen minutes, and they sleep upon it at night.

### SCIENCE.

**RAIN-WATER CISTERN.**—There is no better filter for a rain-water cistern than a well of soft-burnt bricks built up within it, twenty inches square, in the centre of the cistern from which the pump draws. It may be built in one corner as well. The water percolates through the substance of the bricks, which detains every impurity, except such as are chemically united with the water.

**ENGINEERING IN INDIA.**—The Indian Government is now spending upon public works 7,500,000*l.* a year, a sum rather in excess of the entire revenue of Belgium. It is found that officers of the Royal Engineers are not altogether suitable for India, and the Duke of Argyll, Secretary for India, has now established a special college to train the men required. It will be remembered that not long since the Government of India called in the assistance of American engineers, whose experience in rough-and-ready, yet difficult work, was thought to be that most needed in India.

**SAWDUST IN THE SMITH'S SHOP.**—Sawdust is a grease neutraliser and annihilator and file saver. No well-regulated smith's shop should be without a well-filled box of sawdust at each drilling machine. The box should be large enough to place the rim, when it is drilled, inside. Give the iron a thorough rubbing with the sawdust, which, from its great power of absorption, will remove all the grease or oil, or so nearly so that but a light rubbing with waste is necessary to make the iron quite clean. This rule applies to the screwing and nutting of clips and bolts or to other purposes where oil is used about iron. Oak or ash sawdust is the best. Fine sawdust has greater absorptive power, but leaves a resinous surface on the iron that is more destructive to the file than iron. The average weekly consumption for twenty-five files, using eight drills, is about three bushels per week.

**ANOTHER MOTIVE POWER.**—The stone drilling machines in the Mont Cenis tunnel were moved by compressed air, which, we are told, can be fed to, and used in, steam engines without difficulty. It is now proposed to bring into common use this motive power—compressed air. The pressure of air needed is, it is said, equivalent to about seven atmospheres. Of course, no fires will be used with this motive power; the danger of violent and destructive explosions will be at an end; air engines will be much more easily managed than those worked by steam; and if compressed air can be cheaply furnished in towns it will become an immense convenience in many ways. Its uses need not be confined either to places having falls of water at hand; on the seaboard the power evolved in the rise and fall of the tides could be utilised to compress cylinders of air cheaply; and if the plan succeed at all, there appears to be no reason why steam should not be superseded by air as a motive power; or why ships should not be loaded and unloaded goods hoisted in warehouses, and the lifts in hotels and public buildings moved by means of compressed air.

### SOLAR MOTIVE FORCE

There are several typical ways of securing a useful motive power from sunlight, and their practical utility depends on their economy and adaptability.

1. The use of sunlight direct. This is that which Ericsson proposes to employ. It involves the use of an engine and of a concentrating apparatus, and has its limitations in the cost of construction and the care and expense of keeping in order, with the limitation of power in specific spaces, and confinement to the time of sunshine, etc.

2. Use of the variations of heat between day and night. This has less limitations, but still requires a costly engine of considerable magnitude.

3. Use of sunlight through organic products. This may be either by burning, as in steam power, where the whole product (recent or fossil) is used, to gain a small per-centage of the force, or by use of a small proportion of the product, as animal food, to

produce animal force, gaining a high per-centage of power from the part so used as food. This involves the use of a large and suitable surface of soil, with labour and preparation long before use, and requires costly engines—that is, animals. But it has the advantage of complete control over the amount of power desired, and the time and place of its employment. It is the mode by which the greater portion of motive power is secured, the natural result of its controllable availability.

4. The cheapest and most simple of all the modes of procuring motive power from sunlight continually thrown upon the earth is to take advantage of the masses of matter set in motion by it; namely, wind and water. Both are entirely practical and easily made available. They have been in use from the earliest times and admit of great concentration for use.

Water powers are more limited in position, but more regular and controllable; are suited to great and small works, and are of great practical value.

Wind powers are cheap, simple, and nearly everywhere available; not limited to sunshine, although limited by their variability. They are a mode of power of great use and value. But they yet lack much to make their use suit the ordinary requirements of trade.

It is probable that wind power is a more worthy field for high inventive talent than "sun engines," viewed in any practical light whatever. S. J. W.

### MOULDING FIGURES.

**TO MOULD IN PASTE FROM FIGURES.**—Take the crumb of a new-drawn white loaf, mould it until it becomes as close as wax, and very pliable; then beat it and roll it with a rolling-pin as fine and as far as it will go; then point it on moulds, and when it has taken the suitable figure you desire, dry it in a stove, and it will be very hard.

**TO MOULD SMALL FIGURES OF JASPER COLOUR.**—Oil your moulds with a fine camel-hair pencil, and diversify them with such colours as you please mixed with gum tragacanth; if they spread or run, put a little of the gail of an ox, for the thicker it is the harder the figure will be; then mould your paste of the colour of jasper, or the like, put it in to fill the mould, tie with a wire, bake it, or take it out, repair and varnish, and set it by to harden.

**MAKING FIGURES OF CLAY OR WAX.**—There is no need of many tools in this kind of work; the clay is placed upon an easel or table, and you begin and finish the work with your hands. Those who are used to it never make use of anything but their fingers, except three or four pieces of wood, which are roundish at one end, at the other flat, with a sort of claws and teeth, called by the French, *chauchoirs*—that is, a sort of hatchet; they are about seven or eight inches in length; those with claws are to smooth the stuff, the others, which have teeth, to scratch it.

The figures are made of wax thus:—Take a pound of wax, half a pound of ochre (some add turpentine), and melt it together with oil of olives; put more or less, according as you would have the matter harder or softer; a little vermilion also should be mixed with it to give it a softer colour. When you have made the composition, the figure is worked up with the hand, and those *chauchoirs* made use of in making up the earthen figures. Practice is the principal mistress in this kind of work, which, at first, is not so easy as that in clay.

**TO MOULD IN WAX FROM THE FACE OF A PERSON.**—Take a pound of new wax, a third of colophony, melt them at a slow fire, let them cool so long as that you can endure some of it on your hand without being burned; then, having oiled the face with olive oil, cover the hair of the eyelids and eyebrows with paste; then with a brush nimbly cover the face about the thickness of a shilling, being careful not to stop the nostrils, and that the person squeeze not his eyelids together, because that will render the face deformed.

Thus, having made the face of wax, take it off gently and strengthen it with clay at the back, that it may not give way. After this manner you may cast all sorts of faces—laughing, weeping, grimaces, or wry faces; also fruits, or anything else, dividing the mould into two pieces with a warm knife; then fortify them with clay and join them together.

There is no way of casting neater than this with wax, and after a very little practice you can become very expert at the business.

### THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF METEOROLGY TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF CLIMATE.

The Governor of Malta, Sir Patrick Grant, has submitted a proposition to the Legislative Council for expending a sum of 1,000*l.* annually for five years to carry out a scheme for improving the climate of that island.

During winter and spring the island is swept by cold northerly winds; and, during the summer months, the heat is excessive, and during all seasons there is a great scarcity of water. These climatic peculiarities, which are very deleterious to

health and vegetation, may be regarded as mainly arising out of the geographical position of Malta. The winter temperature rapidly falls in proceeding from Malta to the north-west; thus, while at Malta the mean temperature of January is 56 degrees, at Corfu it is 49.8 degrees; at Belgrade, 30.3 degrees; at Kiaw, 20.4 degrees, and at Moscow, 12.4 degrees. Hence, at Malta, northerly winds are characterised by excessive cold and dryness. On the other hand, its proximity to Africa exposes it in summer to scorching blasts of heated air.

These drawbacks are felt in their fullest extent, owing to the almost complete absence of trees on the island. The influence of forests on climate has been made a subject of investigation by meteorologists of late years, and though much remains to be done, yet some important points have been established. The highest temperature of the air occurs in summer, between 2 and 3 p.m.; but trees do not attain their highest temperature till 9 p.m. Changes of temperature take place slowly in the trees, but in the air they are rapid; hence trees may be regarded, like the ocean, as powerful equalisers of temperature—in moderating the heat of the day, and in maintaining a higher temperature during the night.

Since air is heated by contact with the soil, and since trees shield the soil from solar radiation, it is evident that trees diminish the force of the sun's rays, especially in the lower stratum of the atmosphere, which is breathed by man. Trees exhale moisture, and thus produce cold in the air by the latent heat abstracted from it. From thus lowering of the temperature, and from the moisture which is exhaled, dry winds acquire greater relative humidity, and are thus deprived of much of their noxious influence; and since trees break the force of the wind, their beneficial influence is greatly augmented.

During the night the process of terrestrial radiation lowers the temperature of a tree at a slow rate. First, the upper leaves are cooled, then those leaves immediately under, and so on until the whole are cooled. Now, in the earlier part of the day, before the tree is heated by the sun, its cool leaves present a very large surface to the air currents which pass through them. Hence the cooling influence of trees is very considerable, which all must have experienced in the deliciously cool breezes of well-planted parks on a warm summer day. This refrigerating influence of trees is sometimes well seen in the earlier part of the day, when the air is filled with fog. In such cases, heavy drops of water fall from the trees, and increase on occasions to the copiousness of a heavy shower; and doubtless when the air is saturated, the rainfall will be heavier when the wind advances on a forest whose temperature is several degrees lower than that of the surrounding district where there are no trees. Hence, then, it may fairly be inferred, if it has not indeed been proved, that trees bring about a different distribution of the rainfall, as respects the time of the day and the season of the year.

Trees serve another important use. When rain falls on so dry and bare a soil as that of Malta, it runs off at once, and is lost in useless if not destructive floods. But since the roots of trees penetrate the soil, and so loosen it and render it porous, much of the rain is not only received and preserved by the trees, but what falls to the ground is allowed to sink in the soil and fill the reservoirs of the deep-seated springs; and hence, owing to the stillness and greater dampness of the air among trees, the evaporation from forest soil is only about a fifth of what it is in an open country. Woods regulate the flow, and retard, if they do not altogether prevent, the drying up of springs. If the measures recommended be carried out, they cannot fail to result in ameliorating the climate, increasing the productivity, promoting the healthiness, and adding to the beauty of the island of Malta. A. B., M.A.

Some doubt has arisen as to the precise day on which Sir Walter Scott was born, and, after considering the matter, the Border Counties Committee have arranged to fix upon the 5th of August as the day on which to celebrate the centenary. It is generally believed that Sir Walter was born on the 15th of the month.

The cession of the French Indian colony of Pondicherry is mentioned as one of the conditions of peace between Germany and France. Since the year 1672, when it was bought by the French from the King of Bejjapore, it has hardly had a fair opportunity given it of becoming attached to its owners. It was taken from the French by the Dutch in 1693, and restored to them in 1697; it was besieged by the English in 1748; it was taken in 1761 by the army under Colonel Coote, and restored to the French at the peace of 1763. In October, 1778, it surrendered to the British forces under Sir H. Munro, and was again restored at the peace of 1783; it was taken again in 1793, again in 1803, and restored in 1815.





[TRAVERS ROSE TO HIS FEET.]

## THE RIVAL GEMS.

## CHAPTER I.

But in that instant o'er his soul  
Winters of memory seemed to roll.  
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,  
Such moment pours the grief of years. *Dyon.*

It was a fragrant May morning, in the year of our Lord 185—, and the fresh, auroral breeze, redolent with the perfume of bursting buds, entered at the half-raised library window, and fanned the careworn brow of a man who had seen the clouds of more than half a hundred winters.

He sat at a plain mahogany desk, surmounted by a bookcase, whose contents were mostly of a scientific character. Before him were upwards of a score of pigeon-holes, some well filled with papers, others quite empty. In one of his hands he held a package of letters, tied with what had once been a scarlet ribbon; but relentless Time, who changes everything, had bleached it to an almost snowy whiteness. He cast a look of mingled sorrow and regret upon the letters, and now and then an audible sigh escaped him.

"Twenty-five years have passed since she penned those loving epistles," he murmured. "Yes, two long decades and one lustrum. Oh, who dreamed when we stood at the hymeneal altar—a pair born for one another, they said—that but five years of wedded life should be ours? Who foresaw that terrible separation which followed that lustrum, when I, unbelieving, spurned her pleading form, and drove her from me with a curse? I see her before me now, as she looked when she turned, on the threshold, and, with uplifted finger, muttered that one word—'vengeance.' Then she left me, never to return. Never to return, did I say? It is false! She oft returns—in dreams, in terrible visions of the midnight hour, when I live again, in one minute, the agony of whole days! Oh, Agnes, I wronged thee!"

His pause was abrupt, and, rising from the chair, he went to the window and leaned out upon the sill.

"I must cool my brain," he resumed, "or it will consume itself. What a beautiful morning! I fancy I can hear the buds bursting, and the grass growing on yonder lawn. I sometimes wish my body beneath the grass, and my soul with hers. But I live on—an old man before my time. I am but fifty-one, and strangers are ready to declare me sixty-five. Look at these locks"—and, turning from the window, he paused before a mirror—"almost as white as the snows on Alpine peaks. Why is it thus? Because I wronged her—my wife—my poor, dead Agnes!"

Again he turned to the window, but had not touched the sill when a footstep in the corridor arrested his musings.

"'Tis Caleb," he said, aloud. "What can his errand be at this early hour?"

The next moment the library door was opened without ceremony, and a tall man of two-and-thirty or thereabouts stepped into the centre of the room with a single stride.

Casting his large eyes upon the gentleman, he doffed his dilapidated beaver with a bow, and bade him good morning in his peculiar voice.

"Well, Caleb, what can it be so early this morning?" inquired the gentleman, glancing jealously at the package of valued letters, which still lay upon the desk.

"Mr. Anderson would like to see you," responded Caleb.

"What, Anderson?—the young lawyer?" said Arnold Travers, exhibiting some outward show of astonishment.

"Yes, sir."

"Send him up immediately, Caleb," Travers said, quickly. "I cannot even imagine the import of his early visit."

Mr. Travers reseated himself at the desk, and busied himself rearranging the papers he had disturbed that morning. Presently he was interrupted in the midst of his occupation by the turning of the door-handle, and immediately after the door opened, and a young man found himself beyond the threshold of the library.

Arnold Travers rose to his feet, greeted his visitor quite cordially, and bade him be seated.

The young man threw himself upon a chair, directly in front of Travers, and laid his hat on the carpet, near his feet.

"You make quite an early visit to the View, Mr. Anderson," remarked Travers, smiling. "I did not expect you, and I was really astonished when Caleb announced your arrival. Do you come on business?"

"Yes, on business which very deeply involves you," answered the young Blackstone, riveting his gaze upon his standing client. "Can you not guess what it is?"

"Indeed I cannot," responded Travers, after a moment of deep thought, in which he had probed his affairs to the bottom. "You will have to tell me, without leaving me to guess wide of the mark."

"Then let me tell you," said the attorney, slightly lowering his voice, and drawing his chair nearer Travers. "Last evening I had a visitor who made a communication which startled me, and has brought

me hither thus early. My visitor was a woman, and she wore a veil during the interview. Every word she spoke concerns you, Mr. Travers, and Opai too. She said that under her protection was the true heir to River View—the daughter of Maurie Travers, your deceased brother. She charged you with the commission of a heinous crime—abduction. She says, sir, that you never recovered the true heir to the View, but that you stole a child and brought her up as your niece and brother's daughter. She declared, with emphasis, that she could, and would, prove her declarations before the proper tribunal, should the case reach such a stage."

Arnold Travers did not once interrupt his attorney while he was speaking, and it was a full minute after he paused until he spoke.

"Mr. Anderson," he said, his voice betraying a lurking tremor, "will you please describe the woman who told you all this?"

"I will, Mr. Travers," replied the lawyer. "Please stand up."

Travers rose to his feet, and drew his noble and commanding form to its true height.

"She was about your height," said young Anderson, surveying Travers. "The veil prevented me from seeing her features; but I am sure that I saw two eyes which seemed to burn with the brilliancy of living coals. She wore no jewellery whatever. She was clad in black—her gloves even were of the same sombre hue. The sum of the whole, therefore, is, Mr. Travers, I do not know much about her; but one thing I do know."

"What is that, Anderson?"

"She hates you—oh, so bitterly!"

"Hates me!" Travers echoed, aloud; then he buried his face in his naturally almost colourless hands. "Hates me!" he murmured, in the lowest of sounds. "I never wronged but one woman, and she is dead—dead and in heaven!"

The lawyer narrowly watched his client while he occupied this thoughtful attitude; and suddenly he raised his head, and looked straight into his eyes.

"Mr. Anderson," he said, in a strange tone, which ill became such a proud man as he, "do you believe aught that she told you?"

This direct and unexpected interrogation could not be avoided; but the lawyer did not make an immediate reply.

He scrutinised the face before him, and tried to look through its possessor's eyes into his heart. He saw that Arnold Travers was old before his time, and he read in the troubled furrows the commission of some crime in early life. Yes, in one act, at least, Travers was a criminal; but he, poor, feeble man,

could not define the crime. He knew naught of his client's past life, for he had made no inquiries regarding it, and Travers had never informed him.

For several moments the lawyer studied his client's face, when the latter, unable to curb his impatience, spoke:

"I suppose you have read me as you would read a book, Mr. Anderson," he said, smiling very faintly. "Now please answer my question: Do you believe aught that she told you?"

Again the steel-gray eyes were fixed upon the young attorney, and trying, but in vain, to avoid them, he answered:

"Mr. Travers, I do not know."

The old man spoke directly.

"You have read in my book—which is my face—that I once did a guilty act."

"I shall deal frankly with you," answered the young disciple of Coke; "I have."

"And you read rightly, sir," was the response, in a sad voice. "In the sight of Heaven I am a criminal. That crime has whitened my hair, and made me old before my time. But I will not unburden my heart to you now, Mr. Anderson; perhaps I may, in the future. Think nothing of it; but let us talk more about the news you have brought. May not the veiled one have been insane?"

"She was not," answered Anderson, confidently. "She was as sane as you are."

"To many it would seem strange, but to me it is plain," said Travers, after a long pause. "She is the prime mover of a deep conspiracy, whose object is to wrest River View from my niece. If the conspirators think to frighten me, they have shot wide of the mark. I will not give up this estate peacefully. I will fight them to the bitter end, and I am confident that right will triumph over wrong. Yes, Mr. Anderson, my cause is the cause of justice. The fell conspiracy may be a bold one, wearing the mask of truth; but I tell you that the mask will be torn off, and its hideous features be exposed. Providence is ever just, and in its over-ruling goodness will not see my dear niece turned homeless into a friendless world. Oh, no, Mr. Anderson! you doubt me because she appealed to your heart, which is ever open to the wronged. Do not desert me yet awhile. Remain my attorney still, and if, in time, you are not convinced of the justness of my cause, then espouse hers."

"Mr. Travers," answered the lawyer, "I will obey. I will stand by you until I see my error. What do you propose, in view of the startling facts?"

"Simply this—silence," was the reply. "They—the conspirators—must strike—not I. Tell Opal, should you meet her, tell her naught of this. She will find out soon enough, poor girl. Return, and report anything you may see or hear regarding the coming battle. You are my picket, and I expect you to do your whole duty. If that woman come again, tell her I will fight to the bitter end. But I am hurrying you off. Will you not breakfast with us? Opal, I am sure, will be glad to meet you."

"I do not want to see her now," said Anderson, who knew that his client's niece would question him about his early visit, which questions he wished to avoid.

Therefore he declined remaining to breakfast with the inmates of River View, and quietly took his departure.

As the door closed upon the lawyer, Arnold Travers returned to his desk, took up the package of letters, which we have seen him handle, and put them in a secret compartment. Then he bowed his head upon the desk, and threw his arms around it.

Incoherent words parted his lips continually for a long time, when he suddenly sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Blacker than the sparkless smoke which rises from the pit of torment is the conspiracy against Opal! But they shall not succeed! no! no! no!"

Then, after a painful pause, he continued:

"He believes me guilty! Strive as he may, he cannot conceal the belief. Oh, what a wicked world!"

"And what is friendship but a name—"

A charm that lulls to sleep,

A shade that follows wealth and fame,

And leaves the wretch to weep?"

Then, with a sudden impulse, he closed the desk, locked it, and hurried from the room.

#### CHAPTER II.

There was a soft and pensive grace,

A cast of thought upon her face,

That suited well the forehead high,

The eyelash dark and downcast eye.

Scott.

From the open window of her beautiful little boudoir Opal Travers saw the young attorney depart from River View.

She had lately risen from her couch, and sat upon a rich ottoman, her elbow resting pensively on the low window-sill.

If beauty was the title to such a lovely and rich estate as River View, the young girl before us deserved it. Upon her brow, "here purity sat enthroned, lightly rested the golden coronet of nineteen summers. Her skin was fair and fresh as the down on the opening rose, and her dark eyes were a true index to the sinless heart that beat within her bosom. She was attired in a beautiful white wrapper, and the freshness of her skin contrasted vividly with her raven hair, which had been braided by her own fair hands.

She was gazing down among the cedars which grew on the verdant lawn before the mansion, when Vincent Anderson appeared.

He was hurrying away, as though he feared that he would be observed by some one whom, at that moment, he wished to avoid.

"What can have brought him to the View so early?" murmured Opal, puzzled at what she thought a strange proceeding. "He is going away without breakfasting too! Perhaps Uncle Arnold did not invite him to stay. He must think us uncivil."

With her petite hand she tapped on the window-panes.

But the lawyer did not seem to hear her, for he walked on without looking back, and soon disappeared.

"What could have brought him thus early?" exclaimed Opal as she rose and tried to get another glimpse at Anderson, by looking over the tops of the tallest cedars. "Can business be so urgent? I will go down and question uncle, with whom, beyond a doubt, Mr. Anderson has just concluded an interview. It is almost breakfast-time anyhow."

The next moment her feet were pattering on the stairs, and in the hall, on the first floor, she encountered her uncle.

"Good morning, uncle," she said, gaily. "I see that Mr. Anderson has just quitted the View."

"Yes, Opal," said Travers, a shadow crossing his face. "He came to see me on important business, and was obliged to depart early that he might catch the train."

"Did you not press him to breakfast with us, uncle?"

"I did, Opal, but he would not remain. Now let us do justice to our morning meal."

He took his niece's hand, and together they left the hall and entered the dining-room, where, upon a spotless cloth, their sumptuous breakfast was spread.

Arnold Travers's words in the hall did not completely ease his niece's mind. She secretly believed that he kept back something that had a bearing upon the attorney's early visit. But what it was she knew not—knowing naught of her relative's private affairs.

During the meal other subjects were broached, and Opal concluded to let her suspicious pass, and await the revelations of the great revealer—time.

When the soft shades of evening prevailed, and Venus, the beautiful evening star, resumed her throne, Arnold Travers's niece threw a light shawl over her head and left her room. Down the steps she went, and out into the garden in the rear of the mansion. Near a beautiful bed of rich flowers she paused to break a rose from its stem and resumed her walk.

A narrow path led from the garden to the boat-house, on the very bank of the river.

This romantic spot was Opal's favourite evening resort. There she could hear the ceaseless murmur of the ever-restless waves, and often had they sung her to sleep as they rushed along. The boat-house was situated several feet below the mansion, which overlooked the river. Hence the picturesque name of the estate—River View.

The boat-house itself contained several pleasure boats, and was covered with many varieties of creepers. A porch, with latticed side, extended along the front of the building, and in one corner stood a small statue of Teal, the bold boatman of Lake Aitort.

On the porch, and against the building, were rustic seats, and upon one of them Opal threw herself, and gazed upon the shimmering water which murmured its ceaseless strain at her very feet.

She tried to think of the past, but she could not direct her mind from the present. She could not think of anything but the attorney's visit and its import.

"I feel that it concerns us," she murmured, starting at the sound of her own voice in that romantic place. "My mind entertains the thought, spite of all I can do. Uncle Arnold was not at his ease this morning, and—"

She sprang to her feet, for a form had suddenly appeared between her and the light sky.

It was the form of a woman, robed in unrelieved black, and wearing a veil of the same hue. The arms, encased in tight-fitting sleeves, hung at the strange one's sides, and, withal, she seemed more like a dark statue than a living being.

For a second the frightened girl gazed at the woman, then, obeying the first impulse that seized

her, darted forward. She hoped to avoid the newcomer, and make good her escape to the mansion. But when, in her flight, she reached the side of the disturber of her solitude an arm was outstretched, and she felt her own in a steel-like grip.

Opal almost shrieked with pain, and indignantly confronted the veiled woman.

"How dare you?" she demanded, then shrank back at the sight of two fiery eyes burning beneath the black gauze veil.

"How dare I?" asked the woman, in a voice which seemed to cleave her hearer's heart. "In the name of justice."

"Who has been unjust?"

"He who calls you 'niece,'" answered the veiled one. "You are not Maurice Travers's child—he never saw you."

"Whose child am I, then?" tremblingly ventured the startled girl.

"Heaven alone knows."

The solemnity of the tone strangely impressed Opal, and she determined to lift the veil of mystery which had suddenly risen before her eyes.

If she was not the niece of Arnold Travers she would like to know whose child she was, and it should become the great work of her life to find her parents. In her bosom burned the desire to know more, and when she became calm she addressed the woman, who had employed herself in silently watching the effect of her words.

"I never heard such words before," Opal said, "and I can scarcely believe my senses. Will you proceed, and keep nothing back?"

"I have said that you are not Maurice Travers's child, nor are you the true owner of River View. I can prove my assertions beyond question, and send Arnold Travers to prison for abduction."

"For abduction?" echoed Opal.

"Yes, for abduction," repeated the veiled woman.

"When Maurice Travers died he left a motherless child, a girl, four months old. One week after the clouds rattled on his coffin that babe was stolen. In vain was it searched for far and wide. Arnold Travers left River View with the avowed purpose of recovering his niece. He stole a child from its parents, and brought it to the View, declaring that it was his little abducted niece."

"I am that child?" cried Opal.

"You have divined the conclusion of my tale of dark crime," said the woman. "Yes, you are that child, and Arnold Travers is not your uncle. I have found the true owner of the View—Ruby Travers. I have sworn to place her in full possession of her rights, and make Arnold Travers pay the penalty of his crime. You are not a Travers, as any person acquainted with the family may see at a glance. The Travers blood will show itself, and not a drop of it crimson your delicate veins. Young lady, I warn you to stand from under when the blow, which will be crushing, falls. Place no obstacles in the path of justice, and remember that while I right Ruby's wrongs I avenge yours. Now I have warned you; let me go unquestioned. You will meet me again, in a court of justice perhaps."

She released Opal's arm and stepped back, as though she would depart.

"Who are you?" cried the young girl. "Lift your veil and let me see your face."

"Stay your hand!" said the woman, pushing aside the hand that touched her veil. "Go, young lady, confront your pretended uncle, and tell him whom you have seen and what you have heard. And ask him—do not forget it—if he has forgotten Agnes."

Then the veiled speaker suddenly turned and darted away, leaving Opal standing alone in a maze of bewilderment.

"Who is she? Can her story be true?" she murmured, recovering herself. "Why should she seek to deceive me with such a tale? Ah, why? I have heard uncle talk of Agnes—Agnes who? One day, when I was with him in the garden gathering flower seed, he said that I was as fair as Agnes. And, when I asked him who Agnes was, he said, 'One who is in Heaven.' Yes, I will ask him if he remembers her, and I will demand from him this night the truth about my parentage. Oh, I do not want to believe Uncle Arnold guilty of so great a crime, but I am strangely impressed that the veiled woman has spoken the terrible truth."

#### CHAPTER III.

I cannot weep—I cannot sigh,

A weight is pressing on my breast;

A blight breathes o'er me witheringly;

My tears are dry, my sighs suppressed.

Wills.

INTENT on carrying out her resolutions, Opal entered the mansion, and walked directly towards the library.

Her hand trembled as she turned the white knob, and her step was not firm when she crossed the threshold.



Arnold Travers stood before his writing-desk with folded arms, and gazed upon a miniature that lay upon the lid. The opening of the door occasioned no noise, and he was not aware of the presence of his niece.

Opal did not dare to disturb him; but, still holding the knob to prevent the lock from making a noise, she gazed upon him, maintaining, with great difficulty, a profound silence. For some moments Arnold Travers continued to gaze upon the portrait without stirring a muscle, when, at last, he brushed a tear away which the fair watcher saw glisten on his cheek. Then he heaved a deep sigh, picked up the locket and put it in his pocket.

The spell thus being broken, Opal stepped forward, and softly touched his arm.

"Uncle," she merely said.

He started back and caught her arm with a half-angry look.

"Opal," he demanded, "how long have you been in this room?"

"But a moment, Uncle Arnold," she felt constrained to reply, frightened by his countenance.

"It is late, girl," said Travers, pointing to the bronze clock on the bookcase, "and you should be asleep. Your garments are damp. Opal, you have been out in the night."

"Yes, uncle," she answered, boldly, thinking of the woman and her story. "I was down at the boat-house, and there I encountered a strange woman."

"A strange woman at the boat-house, at this hour!" he cried. "She must be seen to. Stay here a moment, Opal. I will call Caleb, and order him to arrest the 'strange woman.' She must give an account of herself."

He stepped towards the door, but Opal's arm and words detained him.

"She is not on the estate now, uncle," she said; "Caleb could not find her. Do not disturb him. Seat yourself in your arm-chair. I want to tell you what the strange, veiled woman told me."

"Veiled!" cried Arnold Travers.

He looked straight into Opal's eyes.

"Yes, veiled," repeated the girl. "Ah, Uncle Arnold, you have heard of her before."

"True," he answered, taken aback by the accusation. "Pray proceed, Opal; I am anxious to know what she said."

He dropped into his chair, while she rested herself upon the lid of the desk.

"I was seated near Tell," she began, "deeply buried in reverie. Suddenly a dark form loomed up between me and the stars, and, obeying my first impulse, I rose to flee. But the woman—for such a shape the form took—detained me, said, in impassioned voice, told me a dark story."

"About me, I suppose," said Travers.

"Yes," continued Opal, not a little astonished at her uncle's words. "She said that I am not the true owner of these broad acres and this beautiful mansion, because I am not Maurice Travers's child. That she was stolen when but five months old; that you left the View determined to find her, and—"

"I found you, Opal," interrupted Arnold Travers.

"Yes, I found you—my brother's true and only child."

"Let me conclude," begged Opal.

Relapsing into silence, he mutely signed to her to proceed.

"That, not finding the stolen heir, you stole a child yourself, brought her to this place, and falsely proclaimed her your true niece, and the heir to your brother's property."

"Is this all she told you?"

"Is this not enough?" cried Opal, in wonderment.

"She should have made more assertions," quietly said Arnold Travers.

"She said, farther," resumed Opal, "that the true heir was under her protection, and that she had sworn to place her in the possession of her rights, and punish you for your great crime."

"Is that all she said?"

"No. She told me to ask you if you remember 'Agnes.'"

Arnold Travers sprang to his feet.

"Agnes!" he cried, with great emotion. "No, I have not forgotten thee. Hast thou forgiven me? But who is she who would ask me this question—a question to which there is but a single answer? No, Opal, she has suddenly resumed her seat, 'I have not forgotten Agnes; but seek not to know who she was. Some other day I will tell you, but not now. I cannot unravel the thread of the Fate. But tell me, Opal, tell me truly; do you credit the statements of the woman?'"

"Uncle," she began, then very suddenly paused.

"Uncle Arnold, why should she seek to deceive?"

"To carry out a dark plot," he answered. "Opal, everything that she told you—every accusation against me was a lie. Now," and from the bookcase he suddenly jerked a bible, "now I swear

upon this holy book that you are Maurice Travers's child, and the true owner of River View! I did leave this mansion to recover you. I tracked your seducer—a man who stole you for gain—to France, and after stealthy plots I, thank Heaven, recovered you."

"Yes, Opal, I re-stole you from the thief who stole you from your cradle, while every heart in this mansion grieved for its owner's death. It has been said that the Travers blood will show itself—that you do not resemble your father. The latter assertion is true. Your father stamped not his countenance on yours; but you are the counterpart of your mother, whose soul flitted heavenward at your first cry."

"Opal, I speak the truth upon this book. Why should I seek to deceive you? The strange woman's protégée is a base impostor; but their dark plot shall not succeed. It was to inform me of the existence of the plot that Mr. Anderson visited the View so early this morning. I could not have been more surprised. I never dreamed of such a plot. We must show a bold front, and meet the shock of battle as becomes those whose cause is right. Opal, do you believe my words?"

Opal's eyes were filled with tears when she looked up at her uncle.

He knew the emotions that stirred her heart, his arms flew open as if by kindred impulses, and the next moment she pillowed her head on his bosom.

"No, dear child," he cried, "thou shalt not be driven homeless, houseless into a cold world! I will protect thee through the coming storm. The dark clouds of perjury have already gathered, and soon their fury will descend. But we will outlive the storm, Opal, my priceless gem; yes, we shall outlive it. Now, child, go to your room; sleep and dream of a life of unalloyed bliss, when the conspirators have been vanquished."

He imprinted a shower of kisses upon her radiant forehead, and permitted her to depart.

She left the library doubting not, but fully believing her uncle's sincerity. Alas! she knew not that, before many days, she would more than doubt what she now believed.

Her footsteps had not ceased to patter on the stairs when Arnold Travers stepped to the library window, which looked out upon the lawn, and threw up the sash.

"I heard a noise beneath the window," he murmured as he tried to pierce the faint light which the stars gave. "But I may have been mistaken after all. No, you people are easily frightened."

Then he drew the shutters, lowered the sash, and turned from the window.

As he did so, a man rose from the bushes under the sill, and disappeared among the cedars on the lawn.

Arnold Travers was not mistaken. He did hear a noise beneath the window while conversing with Opal.

But he did not dream that the eavesdropper was his new private secretary, Lenox Garbashi, a Genoese.

(To be continued.)

**THE NORTH SADDLE LIGHTHOUSE.**—The Chinese Government are now busy with a large scheme for lighthouses, extending over their whole coast, and the commencement has been made in earnest at the mouth of the Yangtze River. Recently was announced the completion of the Guizhaff lighthouse, which has been found during the past year of great assistance to navigators. The second of this series of sea-lights has been erected on the most northern extremity of the North Saddle Island. This island, which is of plutonic rocks interspersed with large masses and veins, is nearly two miles long and one broad, having two peaks about 780 ft. in height. A derrick was erected on a high cliff, and a small wooden bridge was constructed over a chasm at its side, so as to enable the materials to be quickly landed, and at once out of the reach of the sea. The bulk of the materials was transported in sailing craft from Shanghai, distant eighty-three nautical miles; whilst the Customs' cruiser, the "Kua-Hsing," was employed by the engineer on his trips of inspection and in the transport of the lighter portions of the materials. The greater portion of the landing was done with a native fishing boat, that, having taken to piratical pursuits, was captured at the North Saddle, on the occasion of her taking the engineer to survey the site for the lighthouse. To facilitate the landing, a couple of small buoys were temporarily moored off the landing place. Natives were employed to carry the materials to the site of the lighthouse up a zigzag pathway, as this method was found cheaper than the construction of an inclined plane, up which they could be drawn. The light-keepers' dwellings are detached from the tower, and afford accommodation for three Europeans with a couple of Chinese assistants. There is also a store-room and engineer's room, with detached outhouses. The roof is of corrugated galvanised iron in two

spans; all the gutters are internal ones, and are protected from typhoons by a heavy coping of stone. The tower is of brick, with a massive plinth course of Ningpo stone, and the capping course is of Lochow granite set in Portland cement. The apparatus is a revolving catadioptric light of the first order, giving one white flash every minute. The height of the focal plane is 273 ft. above high water spring tides, and in clear weather the light should be visible 23½ nautical miles. This light is limited towards the east by the False Saddle, bearing S. 52 deg. E. and towards the west by the Elliott Islands, bearing S. 73 deg. W. The first landing took place on the 22nd April, 1870, and the light was exhibited at sunset on the 1st November. The works were entirely executed by natives under a European foreman. This lighthouse was designed by and constructed under the superintendence of Mr. D. M. Henderson, C.E., the chief lighthouse engineer.

## THE EARL'S SECRET.

### CHAPTER XXV.

For she was timid as the wistful flower,  
That, whiter than the snow it blooms among,  
Droops its fair head submissive to the power  
Of every angry blast that sweeps along.

Mrs. Lyell.

It is the hour of twilight again, and Griselda is once more upon the balcony built outside the tower by the eccentric Lady Craew; but she is not alone. Mrs. Lyell, with stern, scornful face, stands beside her, and both watch curiously a little boat which is coming in towards the castle. Both recognise the boat at the same moment—it is a white one, and edged with blue like the one belonging to Sunset Cottage.

"What is that fellow, Philip Monteith? Coming here again for? Another letter perhaps?" sneered Mrs. Lyell.

"That man is not at all like Philip," Griselda answered, evasively. "See how dark he is; even from here, where we cannot distinguish a feature, his skin looks as swarthy as an Indian's. He must be the man who has been lurking about the cottage for a day or two. Oh! I was so in hopes that papa would come first, but if that man is an enemy or an officer of justice—"

Mrs. Lyell turned sharply, demanding:

"What are you talking about?"  
Her face was white, her eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets. Her countenance was filled with alarm. Griselda, little knowing the true cause of her false friend's agitation, said, soothingly:

"Don't be so terrified about me, Mrs. Lyell. The man has declared that he means me no harm, though he knows who I am and why I am here."

"Girl, how do you know all this? Beware, if you are telling me this story to try me. Tell me this instant who told you what you have only hinted to me, or else confess that you were talking for amusement or to frighten me."

Neither Mrs. Lyell's words nor her manner affected Griselda pleasantly. She drew herself proudly erect, and replied:

"A friend is my informant."  
"The name?" almost shrieked Mrs. Lyell.

"That I do not feel at liberty to reveal."

Mrs. Lyell turned away her face. A premonition of coming evil for herself and the child she doted on filled her wicked heart with dread.

"You have had another letter from Philip Monteith. Is it not so?"

Griselda leaned over the balustrade, looking intently at the little boat such a distance below, but made no reply.

"Your face is covered with blushes. You refuse to answer me. By this I know that I am right. You have received and read a letter from that fellow. What a proud father his lordship will be when he comes to know this!"

Mrs. Lyell paused, the sneering smile which gave her face a revolting look giving place to an expression of alarm as she thought it likely that, had letters been exchanged between the youthful pair, Griselda might have informed Philip—that she had once been on the point of telling Aurora—who she was, and why she was at Dunhaven. She caught the maiden's arm roughly.

"Tell me, did you or did you not write anything to that young man?"

Griselda's answer was mild but full of dignity.

"Mrs. Lyell, do you imagine I could forget that I am the daughter of Lord Walsingham?"

The woman bit her lip in anger and chagrin. The maiden's words might mean:

"Could I, the daughter of Lord Walsingham, so demean myself as to reply to the letter of a nameless beggar like Philip Monteith?"

Or they might imply:

"How dare you, Mrs. Lyell, presume to question me, the daughter of Lord Walsingham?"

"Answer me yes or no, did you write so much as a word to Philip Monteith?"

Griselda smiled.

"Since you are so determined to know, I did not."

Mrs. Lyell drew a deep inspiration. This answer gave her infinite relief. She felt assured that Griselda had not revealed her story to any one.

"That is wise," she said. "I am glad you did not write to him. He is much too fine a gentleman already."

After a moment's pause she continued:

"Come now, you look so pale that I know you feel ill; go in and lie down while I watch this man's movements. If you were my own child I couldn't feel more for you than I do. If I got irritated and scold sometimes it is because I love you, and I am anxious to serve Lord Walsingham, as well as to do what is best for yourself. But what was in the letter Mr. Monteith sent? Tell me, my dear."

Griselda's only answer was a deep-drawn sigh.

Just then the dark, cloaked oarsman, whose boat was now silently floating on the waves but a short distance from the base of the cliff, began singing in a deep, melodious voice an Italian love song, in which the impatient lover urges his mistress to flee from the tyrant who holds her in thrall to a home where love and joy and honour await her.

"Who can that man be?" mused Griselda, and she spoke her thoughts aloud.

"Either a fool or a knave, you may depend," said Mrs. Lyell, quickly and with asperity. "He is either in love with you—at first sight it must be, since you do not know him—or has a motive for wishing to appear so. I shall look you in now, and run down to the cottage and see what they know of him."

Mrs. Lyell left the balcony and crossed the boudoir with nervous, unequal steps, and, only pausing to lock the door behind her, hurried down the winding staircase to the vestibule at the foot of the tower, and thence through a broad paved passage-way to the open court, where she found Brian.

A malicious gleam shot from his lurid eyes as he listened to what his mistress told him, and prepared to follow her.

Having failed to elicit anything at the cottage, Mrs. Lyell cautiously crept down to the beach, where she found Brian crouching behind a great boulder, and listening intently for the sound of a boat. Mrs. Lyell seated herself upon a log, at a short distance from Brian, and the two waited in silence for the coming of the unknown, but they waited in vain.

"What are you going to do with him when he does come? I have made you understand, I think, that this man, whoever he is, is in my way!" whispered Mrs. Lyell, hoarsely.

For answer the burly ruffian drew from his bosom a knife, which glittered brightly in the starlight, and, whirling it in a circle over his head, he brought it down swiftly through the air. Making a hurried grimace, he hid it again in his bosom, and hissed rather than spoke:

"That's what I'll do for jist ten pounds extra."

"You shall have them," answered she in sepulchral tones, and shuddered convulsively.

It was near midnight when Mrs. Lyell arose, shivering with cold.

"Come, Brian, we shall gain nothing by waiting here. He has gone off in some other direction."

As she took her way up the steep, preceded by Brian, a dark form glided from the side of the boulder, behind which they had sat, and crept in a stooping posture after the plotting pair.

He was so near them when they passed through the wicket that he could hear their low-spoken words. He smiled placidly when they spoke of himself, and shrugged his broad shoulders in contempt at Brian's pantomimic assassination.

The wicket was left unlocked, and the stranger followed through it and across the courtyard. Moving with cautious steps, he reached the great door through which Mrs. Lyell and Brian had disappeared. Passing the door, he hurried along the passage, guided by the voices of the pair, who were still conversing earnestly. Thus he reached the vestibule at the foot of Lady Cracow's tower. He paused not to think, but swiftly mounted the stairs.

When he gained the landing upon the floor on which Lady Cracow's suite was situated he was gratified to see, by the aid of a lamp which hung from the ceiling, the couple he had followed standing at a little distance, with their backs towards him. They were still conversing in low tones.

"We can do nothing to-night," he heard Mrs. Lyell say. "Go to bed, Brian, and to-morrow, I dare promise, you will find a chance to earn your ten pounds. The fellow will be round with more love songs, and it will be your own fault if they are not his last."

Then her voice fell to a whisper, and the man on the landing heard no more; but this is what Mrs. Lyell went on to say:

"In the meantime Griselda must go into one of the

dungeons. That fellow may bring force sufficient to get into the castle in spite of us. If he do, he must not find her there. You remember the trap-door we discovered the other day in the tapestried chamber? She can go below through that. It was made on purpose for our use."

She turned round abruptly. The stranger, who, as the reader has guessed, is the Dark Unknown, had barely time to secrete himself behind a rude statue of the old chief Glenarland before Mrs. Lyell had returned to the landing. She did not descend the stairs, however, but turned aside and paused before a door of polished oak, and, taking a bunch of keys from her pocket, she proceeded to fit one in the lock.

The unknown watched her from his hiding-place with a sinister visage. He was so near her that had he chosen he could have touched her with his hand.

She opened the door and passed within the room and out of his sight. He listened, expecting to hear her unlock the door, but the sound did not come.

Mrs. Lyell had no fears of the fair prisoner's trying to escape while she was in the room.

Assuring himself that the door was not locked by cautiously trying it, the stranger waited several minutes that he might convince himself from the sound of voices that she whom he sought was confined in that room.

At length he heard talking—one voice sounding harsh and discordant, and this, though he heard not a word uttered, he recognised as Mrs. Lyell's. The other voice he now heard for the first time, and it fell in soft cadences upon his ear.

The voices were evidently coming nearer. The beautiful girl he had seen upon the balcony had probably, he thought, been in an inner room when Mrs. Lyell entered. This was the fact. Griselda had thrown herself without undressing upon a divan in the luxurious dressing-room and had fallen asleep.

By pushing the door slightly ajar the man could now hear what was being said.

"Such a time as I have had to-night!" ejaculated Mrs. Lyell. "What a monstrous falsehood that was Mr. Monteith wrote you!—that is if he wrote that this mysterious man, in long cloak and peaked hat, who is hanging about here, is your friend. Why, my dear, he is an officer of the law, which, in the eyes of the world, you have outraged. He foolishly expects to entice you from the castle by one means or another."

Mrs. Lyell paused and awkwardly twisted the fringe of her shawl, which she still wore.

"You are not safe here," she continued. "This man may take you off to-morrow."

She paused again. When next she spoke it was in a slightly mocking tone.

"My lady of the castle has no killed retainers to defend her. What will she do?"

"She will go with the stranger," answered the beautiful girl, calmly. "I am not afraid to go. I am innocent—entirely innocent, though once I thought, from what you said about my running like one wild from the landau where my friends were, that I might, under the influence of some powerful drug, such as I saw the men who robbed us administer to my companions, have done—"

"Go on and finish the sentence—you might have murdered Lady Alloway."

"I thought so once," said the young girl, sadly; "now I am sure I could not have done it. Papa cannot blame me if I go quietly with this man, though it be to my doom. I have obeyed my father—have done just as he thought best; now I shall quietly submit to my fate."

"You will do no such thing," replied Mrs. Lyell, sharply. "I remember Lord Walsingham's wishes—yes, positive commands—whether his dutiful daughter does so or not. I see no other way, but to-morrow you must go, bright and early, into one of the rooms under the castle."

"Into a dungeon! Oh, Mrs. Lyell, has it come to that?"

Griselda sank down upon a lounge, and clasped her hands in an attitude of despair. She did not speak. The woe that was surging over her prevented all utterance. Mrs. Lyell was watching her with curling lip. She had her back to the door, facing which Griselda sat when it opened noiselessly, and the Dark Unknown glided into the room. Noting the change which swept over Griselda's face, Mrs. Lyell turned to learn his cause, and her eyes were boldly met by the gray, piercing orbs of the intruder.

Quick as thought she darted towards the door, intending, doubtless to about to Brian, who had gone away to bed. But the man stepped quietly backward with an aggravating smile and locked the door Mrs. Lyell having left the key in the lock. He dropped the keys in his pocket, and, folding his arms over his ample chest, and bowing with studied politeness to Griselda, he turned and waited for Mrs. Lyell to speak to him. This she seemed disinclined to do.

The long silence at length grew irksome to her

and she tried to speak, to demand of the stranger why he was there; but her ashy lips refused to move. This man she felt assured knew the whole of her guilty plot. How soon would it all be revealed to Griselda?

She was standing in deep thought. Suddenly she plunged her hand deep into the pocket of her dress and clutched nervously a bunch of rusty keys—the keys which not long before had opened the doors to Griselda. Before the stranger could comprehend her intentions and arrest her movements, the door was swung open and Mrs. Lyell, putting her head out into the dimly lighted passage, was calling loudly to Brian, and ere the astonished man could decide upon a course of action Brian bounded into the room, demanding, excitedly:

"What's up?"

Mrs. Lyell pointed with her finger toward the intruder. Like an infuriated beast Brian sprang forward. His arms were stretched out and his fingers extended, each one curving slightly, as though they were about to grasp the stranger's neck. They were not permitted to fasten there, but, instead, were quickly quivering from the effects of a blow from the Dark Unknown, which had sent their owner to lie like a senseless log upon the floor.

The unknown laughed mockingly and gave Mrs. Lyell a withering glance.

"Now, woman—I may as well call you Mrs. Lyell, just to show you that I am not more ignorant of your name than I am of some other things—I am dreadfully hungry. So, if you please, bring here the best castle affords."

Mrs. Lyell arose quickly from the seat she had fallen into, a strange light burning in her eyes.

Who could tell, she asked herself, but what she, a woman, could do more to get this dangerous man out of the way than Brian, with all his boasted great strength?

"You may have something, if you have a mind to go where it is; if not, you will have to go hungry."

"How am I to know where to find it?"

"I can go and show you the way, I suppose," said Mrs. Lyell, inwardly delighted, "though little thanks you will give me if I do."

"Oh!" replied the stranger, in an off-hand manner, "I can pay you well for your supper and your trouble. A lady of my acquaintance helped me to a very heavy purse the other day. A very generous lady she is, but then what are a few hundred pounds to her, sole daughter and heiress to one of the wealthiest aristocrats in three counties?"

The stranger looked steadily and meaningfully at Mrs. Lyell as he spoke, and smiled to see how pale she turned at his words.

"Now, if you are ready, I will go and have my supper; then I have a word to say to this lady. If this hideous man come to while I am away, he will feel more like crawling off to his bed than waiting to come to fusticuffs with me again, I imagine. But stop—I will just drag him into the passage and lock the door. I have no notion of leaving him to wring this lady's neck as he wished to do mine."

Suited the action to his words, the Dark Unknown seized Brian by his heels, and dragged him outside the door of the boudoir, and again he locked the door, keeping the keys as before. Then, turning to follow Mrs. Lyell, he said, with a dry smile:

"We—that is, I—can afford to let this handsome servant of yours recover his wits at his leisure."

She led him on, through passage after passage, until a room, adorned with faded tapestry in blue and gold was reached. This had been the state-room or council chamber of the Glenarlands in the days of their glory.

The Dark Unknown paused to gaze about the room. He looked upward in admiration at the lofty grained ceiling, and down at the rich mosaic floor.

"This was a grand room once. What a fine thing it must have been to be the chief of a powerful clan in those old days. How I should have liked it."

She looked up with a smile, saying:

"Come into the next room now, and have something to eat; we have some rare old wine. It will do you good. But first I would like you to step this way. From this window you have a good view of the tower where Roderic, elder son of the third Glenarland, received his death wound from an arrow, when the castle was besieged by the Macdonalds."

She went, as she spoke, to the high window, but the stranger as he followed manifested little interest in the fate of young Roderic.

"There, do you see the stone which is painted black upon the battlement? That is where he fell. His father had the stone painted to keep his death in memory, that his heart might never soften towards the Macdonalds. His descendants have kept it in colour ever since."

They were standing together in the window as she spoke. When she had finished speaking she stepped aside, and behind him, quickly.



Pressing her foot upon a small knob on the floor, and near the wall, she held her breath in suspense. The knob yielded to the pressure, and immediately the square of mosaic upon which the man was standing sank beneath him. He threw out his arms to save himself, but the effort helped him not. Down, down he went with a fearful shriek, which pealed through the old rooms with terrible emphasis. The square of mosaic rose to its place again. All was silent now as the grave, and Mrs. Lyell, shuddering, fearing to look behind her, fled from the room. Encountering Brian, she said:

"You are a coward, Brian. You have a chicken's heart to let that man knock you down as he did! You, almost a giant, and without so much as giving him a tap to remember you by. But I have done for him—I, a woman, Brian, have done what you had neither the courage nor the wit to attempt. If that fellow who calls himself the Dark Unknown is alive at this moment he is perhaps exploring the circular dungeon under the tapestried chamber. What a fall he must have had! I shall go there to-morrow and find him, it may be, curled all in a heap, with a broken neck! Dead or alive he shall not leave the dungeon. Everything is working right after all. Philip has gone—back to Edinburgh, I suppose—and I shall soon—"

She did not stop to finish the sentence, but, opening the ponderous door, entered the boudoir where Griselda, pale and anguished, still sat.

Griselda arose when Mrs. Lyell entered the room, but sat down again in a spiritless manner when she saw that she returned alone.

"Where is he, Mrs. Lyell—the officer, if he is one?"

"He has made up his mind that he will not see you to-night," replied Mrs. Lyell, with covert meaning.

"Shall I see him in the morning? He may be some friend of papa's, who has sent him with a message which he thought it best not to write."

Mrs. Lyell had turned to go. Now her face flushed angrily as she said:

"If I think proper to allow this man an interview with you, I shall do so; if not, you may be sure I shall not."

Then she marched out of the room, having once more locked the door, and retired to her own chamber.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;  
Thou—stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
—Henry VI.

WHEN Lord Walsingham came upon Lady Valeria, with Toby Goodhue struggling in her grasp, he looked with blank wonder into her flushed face. She quickly released the boy, and he reeled back and fell upon the grass, oversetting in his descent a beautiful cactus, in flower, at which the gardener scowled darkly.

Lady Valeria took her cue from this accident. She had been pondering in her mind for some plausible pretext for her conduct towards the boy. She shot at him a quick glance, which he interpreted to mean: "You keep silent; or, if you speak, assent to everything I say."

Managing unobserved to break down a magnificent Japan lily with her foot, she turned to the earl, saying:

"See here, papa," standing aside and pointing to the broken flower; "see what mischief this rude boy has done."

"So it is only a flower which has disturbed you so? One lily among a hundred, Valeria, is hardly worth so much."

The earl bent on his daughter a curious, half-angry, half-doubtful glance, and she flushed crimson again.

The gardener was not disposed to look at the matter at all lightly.

"Master Toby, you don't come here again," he exclaimed.

Toby hung his head and muttered, not at all heeding Lady Valeria's warning gesture:

"I'm coming here to live. That's what I be."

The earl had turned and was walking away, so he did not hear the boy's answer. The gardener heard, however, and grew very red in the face and very angry. He seized Toby by the shoulder, standing him upon his feet with a jerk, saying:

"Come, now. You are ready to go home, I suppose, since you have done all the mischief you can do?"

The boy darted from under his hand, and bounded to the side of Lady Valeria, whispering:

"Send him off; if you don't I'll tell."

"Leave this boy with me awhile, Anderson: I have a notion to show him the aquarium. After all, I do not believe he meant to trample the flowers. Did you, my man?"

"No, I didn't," replied Toby, delightedly.

When they were left together Lady Valeria turned upon Toby, her black eyes all in a blaze.

"Now, boy, what is it you think you know?"

"I don't think it at all, I know it."

"Well, what do you know?"

"I know you're Griselda Lyell and not Lady Valeria, as they call you here."

"Well, what will you do about it?"

"Do?" and Toby stretched himself upon tiptoe, he felt so suddenly the importance of his knowledge.

"Why, I'll go straight to the big man up at the house and drop a word in his ear."

"What would you do that for? Money?"

"Not much. I'd do it out of spite, 'cause you won't put confidence enough in me to own it."

"What if I should own it, as you say?"

"I'd keep mum as a mouse, and call you Lady Valeria like the rest, and make big bows, and say 'my lady' faster'n anybody."

"And never tell?"

"No, never, 's true's I'm alive."

She felt that her cause was desperate. This boy must be coaxed or bribed to silence.

"Very well, then," and she forced a laugh, "you may make your first bow to Lady Valeria."

"Oh, my!" shouted Toby, so loud that she had to check him. "Ain't it grand, though? You're going to have me come here to live, and let me ride the black un every other time?"

"No, indeed, Master Toby; you will go away from Silvermere at once, and never come near the place again. But see what I will give you to dress you up and take you away off to Scotland or Ireland, where you can receive an education, and grow up to be a fine gentleman."

Lady Valeria took her purse from her pocket as she spoke, and, sitting down, emptied the contents in her lap.

"Gracious! what a pile of money! And you will give it all to me if I go away?"

Toby's eyes were riveted on the money.

"I know a chap in London," he said, thoughtfully, "that's going to Scotland for a tower. He has got lots of money, and wants a sharp fellow for his valet. Do you think I'm big enough for that?"

"I should think you might answer, if you try."

Lady Valeria and Toby talked for a considerable time about the future prospects of the latter. When at last he went away her purse was in his pocket and he had the promise of some day receiving from her as a gift a horse equal in every way to the Arabian he admired so much.

It was nearly dark when Lady Valeria returned to the house. She went up the steps muttering:

"I must go to my room and rest awhile, then I shall pay a visit to my lady mother in her boudoir. Lady Walsingham and I are drifting too far apart altogether."

She went to her own boudoir and rested half an hour or more on her favourite couch. Then she rang for her maid, and after making an elaborate toilette, she left the littered dressing-room to Fleming, and proceeded to her ladyship's apartments.

An hour before, just at the time that Lady Valeria was making terms with Toby Goodhue on the lawn, the countess had been seated in that same easy-chair. Her still beautiful face was sad, but not gloomy.

For several days Lady Walsingham had been in a tranquil frame of mind.

She had been seated there for some time, musing sorrowfully. When it began to grow dark in the room she arose and rang for her maid, who was temporarily absent. Presently a servant entered and lighted the lamps, going out again as soon as her task was completed. But Merton did not come.

Lady Walsingham arose impatiently, murmuring:

"It is so strange that Merton does not come! She is generally so constant in her attention. Something must ail her; I will go to her room and see."

The countess walked in her stately, preoccupied way across the room to where a deep crimson scarf was lying. As the night air, which penetrated through the open windows to every part of the house, was becoming chill, she threw the scarf over her shoulders and left her boudoir.

Merton's room was reached through a narrow passage, which opened from the ante-chamber belonging to her ladyship's suite.

The door of the maid's room was open. The countess crossed the threshold and called her name. There was no answer. She was about to turn from the room when her roving eyes caught a small portrait which hung, in part concealed by a thick curtain, in the farther corner of the room.

With her eyes riveted on the picture, Lady Walsingham glided forward till she stood close before it. This portrait was the one which Randal Gabron and his mother had been surprised into leaving in her ladyship's boudoir. It will be remembered that the watchful Merton had discovered it and brought it away before the countess saw it. A lamp dimly burning and flickering in the wind, which came in gusts through the window, made the beautiful face on

the canvas seem to change in its expression. Now the full, red lips appeared ready to break into smiles, now they seemed to part in scorn or derision. The eyes, one moment mild and humid, were the next blazing with an angry light. The countess gazed on the portrait as if fascinated. With her hands interlocked, her willowy form bending forward, her eyes still fastened upon the picture, she stood when Merton entered the room.

She uttered an exclamation of surprise, but her mistress heard it not. She asked the countess if she had rung for her, but she received no reply. Then she went to the side of the abstracted woman, and gazed with her upon the portrait. At length the countess turned away, and, oh, what a sad look was in her blue eyes.

"Is it not mysterious, my lady?" asked Merton.

"Is not what mysterious?"

"This likeness of Lady Valeria?"

"No more a mystery to me than Valeria herself," was the reply. "She is a perpetual riddle to me."

Maid and mistress turned about at the same moment—turned to meet Lady Valeria, standing, with an evil-boding smile, in the door-way.

Holding out both her white, jewelled hands to the countess, she said:

"I have just been to your room to see you, mamma. I was so sorry to find you gone. I do so want to have a nice long talk with you."

"We will go back at once," said the countess, listlessly.

"You look too pale and tired out now, mamma; I should only weary you. In the morning, if you feel better, I will come."

They had reached the ante-room, and without noticing Lady Valeria's pretty speech the countess turned into the boudoir, and the other walked away briskly and nervously to her own apartments.

Lady Valeria slept but little that night. She knew now for a certainty that the countess entertained some vague suspicions of herself—at least, that she regarded her as a "mystery." How to keep these suspicions from taking a definite shape—more, to prevent their ever again being breathed, however vaguely, into the ears of another—was the problem over which she puzzled her brain during those long hours of wakefulness.

She arose the next morning from her sleepless pillow with heavy eyes. There was a determined air about her, showing that a purpose had been formed.

That it was an evil, cowardly purpose will shortly be seen.

Before the heavy dew was well dried from the thick, velvety grass on the lawn Lady Valeria was abroad, and with her own hands plucking flowers, and arranging a gorgeous bouquet to be presented to Lady Walsingham. She placed them in a vase which stood upon the mantel of the boudoir.

"There, mamma, see; isn't that sweet? I gathered the flowers myself. I think you will find all your favourites among them."

The countess was sitting with folded hands near the oriel window. She glanced with a wan smile at the flowers as Lady Valeria called her attention to them, then turned wearily and looked out of the window.

Lady Valeria was still bending over the vase, apparently intent upon a more artistic arrangement of the flowers. But that was far from being her object. Casting a furtive glance at the statue-like figure in the window, she drew from her bosom a tiny phial—the mate to the one from which the poisonous drops meant for Leonard Grafton had been poured—and carefully, yet with trembling fingers, emptied one crystal drop into the water contained in the vase.

With strangely gleaming eyes she replaced the phial in her bosom, then the guilty girl drew a low stool to the feet of her ladyship and sat down upon it, looking up into the careworn face as sweetly, as innocently, as though murder was not in her heart.

But a pair of bright, staring eyes had peered at the pretended daughter from behind the half-open door of the dressing-room, and Merton's face had turned white with horror as she caught the baleful glitter of the dark eyes and realised the sickening fact that the beautiful girl was seeking the life of the countess—her mother!

Merton remained, shaking in every limb, in the dressing-room until after she heard Lady Valeria, who had tried in vain to inspire the countess with interest in her floral offering, leave the boudoir. Then she went straight to the vase of flowers, threw the water out of the window, raised the stems and the vase, and, filling the vase with fresh water, she replaced the flowers in it, and returned it to its place on the mantel.

"I must watch my lady's daughter now with an eagle's eye," said she to herself. "She will be here every day to put poison in the vase. She does not mean her ladyship shall die suddenly, but gradually."

She will expect her to sink day by day, and finally drop away, and no one be able to tell what ailed her." She resolved to be doubly vigilant in future. She had not alone Lady Walsingham's vagaries to contend with, but she must continually keep her thoughts intent upon circumventing her supposed daughter.

(To be continued.)

#### THE LAW ABOUT SWANS.

THE hooper, or wild swan, may be immediately distinguished from other species of swans by the character of its head; for, while the mute or common tame swan has an orange beak, with the peculiar tubercle or knob on the upper part of the beak, where it joins the feathers of the head, the hooper's head is without that peculiarity, and the beak is of a yellow colour, and becomes black towards the point. Besides this difference in appearance, the organ of voice will indicate the wild swan, and ought to be a sure guide to the sportsman.

The mute or tame swans kept in the rivers of this country are all the property of the Crown, or some private individuals, or of some corporate bodies, such as the mayors and corporations of large cities, and the London companies. They used, in former times, to be protected by a very harsh law, for it was a felony to kill one, punishable by death. And even now they are the subject of larceny in public rivers, if they are properly marked, and in private rivers or lakes, even if unmarked. But it is not every one who has the right to keep swans of his own on a public river. It is a privilege granted by royal charter to the owner of land, and the title to the grant descends with the land to his heirs or devisees. Every person who possesses the privilege has a peculiar mark, which is specified on the charter, and he claims the right of keeping swans by virtue of his swan mark.

The right of keeping swans in private waters is not restricted to those only who have a grant of a swan mark, but those who do so must take care that the birds do not wander on other people's property; for, if they are caught or killed by any one on property where such person has a right to shoot the owner will have no right to prosecute him criminally. There are, then, birds, *ferre natura*, of which larceny cannot be committed. The true owner, we apprehend, cannot even recover in damages by civil action the value of a bird so killed, unless, perhaps, he can prove its identity by some indisputable evidence.

Sometimes, though very rarely, the Crown, instead of granting a swan mark, has conferred a still greater privilege—namely, a right (within a certain district) of seizing white swans not marked. This right is called a game of swans. Thus the Abbot of Abbotbury, in Dorsetshire, had a game of swans in the estuary formed by the Isle of Portland and the Chesil Bank. The privilege of swan mark, or game of swans, was in the time of Edward IV., 1483, restricted to the king's sons, and those only who possessed a freehold of the clear yearly value of five marks.

#### AMY ROBSART.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.

Author of "Heart's Content," "Evander," &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

THE frightful event which had just taken place outside the apartments of the countess, and her extreme terror and dismay, presented an awful contrast to the splendid furniture and the happy repose which it was intended she should, and actually did, enjoy when she first came to Cumnor.

On a table was an instrument of organs, regals, and virginals, covered with crimson velvet and garnished with gold lace, which her dainty hands had loved to touch in the delightful days of her early married life.

In his haste the unfortunate Dick Whistler had overturned a chess-board of ebony, with chequers of crystal and other stones inlaid with silver, ornamented with beads and ragged staves and claspknobs of silver. The men, which were also of silver, set with precious stones—one sort in silver (white), the other in gold—lay scattered in confusion on the ground, and their case, gilded and lined with green cotton, was in a broken heap at the foot of the table on which they had been resting.

A great brazen candlestick hung in the ceiling, very fair and curiously wrought, says the chronicler, with twenty branches and eleven wings for the spread eagle on which they rested; twenty saucers, or candle-cups, were in the sockets, supported by images in brass of men and women, very finely and artistically done.

Indeed, Leicester had, for his countess's sake, re-

produced at Cumnor the magnificence of his castle, and it scarcely lies in one's power to exaggerate the lavish style of expense which characterized the princely ornamentation of Kenilworth.

When Whistler disappeared, with that horrible cry which chilled her to the very marrow of her bones, she felt sure that he had fallen into some terrible trap intended for herself, and Amy waited, scarcely daring to breathe, to see what would be the next act in the tragic drama in which her cruel fate obliged her to take so prominent a part.

In fact, Whistler had fallen a victim to the mode of death which Sir Richard Varney had designed for the countess. When she fancied she heard a noise outside the room while Whistler was talking to her, she was not deceived by her imagination, as he had unhappily persuaded her. It was not the wind without which had produced the sound that disturbed and alarmed her. Varney had crept silently upstairs and drawn back the bolts of the trap, so that the first person who stepped upon it must of necessity fall into the pit below. His anticipations were strangely falsified, for the one he wished to destroy had been saved by a most extraordinary accident.

Hidden in a secure corner, he watched the effect of his manoeuvre, and, hearing Whistler cry and moan, he knew not what to think, until he was assured that Amy had escaped by being startled at several shrieks which she, recovering herself, uttered one after the other.

"Something has gone wrong! Now the evil one be my friend!" he muttered. "That should have been Dick Whistler's voice. Yet what should he do up there? Is it possible he wished to betray me and make terms with her? If so I am well rid of him. Suppose she were found stabbed to the heart. Who could say I did it? Would not the crime be attributed to Whistler? and he cannot come back from the grave to contradict my word. I will go to her. All is dark at present, but I must clear up this mystery, or go mad!"

He accordingly rushed into what was called Lady Dudley's chamber, bearing a small lamp in his hand, and taking care to jump lightly over the awful chasm, which yawned at his feet, as he approached the threshold.

Amy was leaning with her back against the wall, her eyes almost starting from her head, her cheeks blanched, her lips parted and livid, exhibiting every symptom of extreme terror. She ceased to shriek on seeing Varney, whose hated presence inspired her with fresh terror. A new dread now assailed her. Her cries would probably summon Janet to her assistance, and any one who heedlessly approached the room would disappear in the abyss which had engulfed Dick Whistler.

Drawing from her bosom the pistol which Janet had provided her with, she exclaimed, resolutely:

"I will not die tamely! Beware, Sir Richard Varney; I am armed, and even a puny weapon like this can be formidable in the hands of a desperate woman!"

He had drawn his sword, but drew back before her resolute bearing, and she, seizing the opportunity, darted past him, leapt the pit, and ran blindly down the dark corridor.

Varney was after her, with the speed of lightning. He shortened his sword, and held it in his hand to run her through with it as soon as he might overtake her. Fierce hatred and an utter disregard of consequences had now taken hold of him. He had but one fixed idea in his head, and that was to kill Amy, whatever the cost of the deed might be. She, at least, should go, and he would risk the consequences, relying upon his influence with the Earl of Leicester to escape the chastisement which the law would mete out to him as the result of his wickedness. He was like a gambler who risks all upon the hazard of a die. Amy living represented ruin, disgrace, and utter failure of ambitious hopes. Amy dead opened the door of advancement to the highest offices in the state.

Scarcely knowing in which direction she was going, the countess ran into the room in which Anthony Foster was sitting, brooding over the course of events and congratulating himself upon having locked his daughter in her chamber so that no harm could befall her, if Varney should attempt to entrap his prisoner.

So absorbed was he that he heard nothing of the turmoil which was taking place in another part of the house, but he was roused from his abstraction by the entrance of Amy, her lovely face distorted with fear, her hair flying wildly behind her back, a dagger in her hand, and her whole appearance more resembling that of a maudlin escaped from an asylum than a rational being.

"Help, help! Save me, I conjure you!" she cried, throwing herself at his feet. "My life is in danger. You are a father. As you love your daughter, save me, save me!"

"What danger threatens you, madam?" asked Foster, trembling from head to foot.

There needed no answer.

Almost at the same moment Sir Richard Varney ran into the room like a ravening wolf, his sword still in his hand, his attire in disorder, his face breathing the purpose which brought him there.

"Stand on one side, I! Heaven's name, or I shall do you an injury," cried Varney, halting suddenly.

Now it was that Foster's character shone brightest. Bad as the man had been throughout his career, and there was no doubt that he was a time-server, a pervert, and what Macaulay calls a "trimmer," he would not see a crime committed before his eyes. Amy's appeal, too, had touched him in a sensitive part. The words "As you love your daughter, save me" went to his heart. He did love his daughter; he was not entirely Varney's slave. The man's whole soul was not taken up with his love for money and this world's goods; in fact, there was an under-current of beneficent feeling in the old man's composition, and at this juncture it had power to sway the evil which had for so long been dominant.

Rising and standing before the countess, his venerable form, his flowing hair tinged with silver, and his aspect generally forbidding the contemplated outrage, he raised his arm, and, waving the intruder back, exclaimed:

"Speak not in Heaven's name, Sir Richard Varney, for no deed of blood could be so contumacious. The lady has sought shelter in my very arms, as it were. You shall not harm her, unless through my body."

With that he threw his arms around her, she still kneeling at his feet.

"Dostard!" cried Varney. "Have you taken leave of what little sense I gave you credit for possessing? What means this fatuous policy? Stand back, I say, or, by Heaven, my sword shall taste your blood as well as hers!"

"I care not. A man can but die once," rejoined Anthony Foster. "I know that I should go to the grave with all my imperfections on my head. I have not acted aright. It is said to the righteous man: 'Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee.' But I have given myself up unto double-dealing. Many a time have I thought that it were better for me that a millstone were hanged about my neck than that I should serve such as thee, Richard Varney."

"Peace," exclaimed Varney, mad with impatience. "The evil one can always quote scripture to serve his purpose. Stand on one side, I say, or your blood will be on your own head."

Still Anthony Foster did not move, and Amy clung to him as a drowning sailor to a plank.

"What is the woman to you, idiot?" continued Varney, who hesitated to kill his old associate. "Do you expect reward or advancement from her? I tell you that my patron will esteem what I am now doing a glorious deed. I have instructions for it, man. Dost doubt my word?"

"I have had reasons to do so before now," replied Foster; "yet that aways me but little. The laws of hospitality among the rudest nations dictate the course I am now pursuing. The lady claims my protection, and she shall have it. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. If she is your enemy, forgive her—spare her life. Is it not written 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him, and if he thirst, give him drink'? Take heed, take heed; he that thinketh he standeth may fall."

"You shall fall, idiot!" answered Varney, whose patience was exhausted.

With that he rushed upon him with his sword. Foster was unarmed and could make no effectual resistance. The first thrust went through his doublet and inflicted no serious injury. Varney drew back his rapier, and was preparing to lunge a second time, when he was seized from behind, his sword wrenched violently from his grasp, and himself thrown forcibly to the ground, where he lay powerless in the grasp of two strong men.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

With equal pace, impartial Fate,  
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate.

SIR RICHARD VARNEY was astounded to find that his assailants were Tresilian and Berfool.

To explain their presence we must state that Janet had succeeded in escaping from her bedroom by means of the window, and, acting upon the conversation which had taken place between her and the countess, she hastened to release the prisoners who were confined in the ill-secured vault.

They, hearing Amy's cries, rushed in the direction from which they proceeded, and arrived in time to effect an opportune rescue, for in another instant nothing could have saved the unhappy lady. Varney's sword being within an inch of her heart, and Anthony Foster presenting no effectual shield against his murderous intent.



Now that the immediate danger seemed over, the strength which had enabled the countess to bear up so long entirely deserted her; she became very pale, and, staggering, would have fallen to the ground had not Tresillian and Janet gone to her assistance.

Anthony Foster was a passive spectator of this exciting scene. He was like one petrified with amazement and dubious expectation, but his eyes brightened when he was assured of Amy's safety, and he gave vent to a sigh of relief when he saw Janet and Tresillian tenderly caring for the fainting girl.

Varney was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity which Tresillian's leaving him presented, and, from lying motionless, as if exhausted, he took the initiative and assumed the offensive. A quick movement sufficed to throw Barfoot back against the wall; the sword which Tresillian had dropped in his anxiety to render aid to the countess lay at his feet in tempting proximity. Bending down, he possessed himself of it, and, before Tresillian was aware of what had happened, he rushed forward and made a lunge in his direction.

It was difficult to say whether he intended to injure the Cornish gentleman or his invincible charge, but he would infallibly have done mischief to one or both had not Barfoot, who had recovered himself, interposed his body, receiving the thrust in his left arm, and falling backwards with a groan.

At the same moment Tresillian turned round and possessed himself of the falling man's sword, while Anthony Foster, awakening from his lethargy, opened a drawer in the table before him, and took from it a large horse-pistol, loaded and primed, which he presented and fired at Varney.

A cloud of smoke filled that part of the room, through which Foster pried eagerly to see the effect of his shot, but when the enveloping vapour rolled away there was no trace of Sir Richard Varney, who, it was presumed, seeing the odds were against him, had thought it best to effect his escape while he might. At all events he was gone. Barfoot lay on the floor badly wounded and groaning dismally. Janet still bent over the countess, whose extreme pallor gave her the appearance of a corpse. Tresillian stood, sword in hand, as if awaiting the attack of an enemy. Anthony Foster grasped his discharged pistol, and seemed puzzled to know what had actually occurred.

A moment afterwards the sound of a horse's hoofs clattering over the stones of the courtyard was heard, and Tresillian exclaimed:

"There he goes. He has escaped. It matters little, for though he has not this time met the fate he so richly deserves, the penalty of his crimes will overtake him sooner or later. The lady's life is safe, and after this crowning outrage I will take care that it is not again in jeopardy."

"I, too, sincerely rejoice that it should be so," returned Anthony Foster, laying down the pistol, which had an odd and bizarre appearance in the hands of a man like himself, so demure of manner, so even and soft-spoken in speech, so precise in dress. "Though you have received but sorry treatment in this my poor house, sir, I trust that you will acquit me of any participation in it. I was in truth and in deed but the fier or vassal of Sir Richard Varney, and—"

"You will have to settle your account with your employers; I shall demand none of you," interrupted Tresillian. "As far as I am concerned, any offence you may have committed is condoned by your conduct just now, and the timely help rendered me by your daughter. Indeed, your faults are rather of omission than commission. You have erred by following too closely the behests of a bad man, who will, I think, find that his occupation is gone."

"Is he no longer in favour with the Earl of Leicester, pray you, sir?" asked Foster, eagerly.

"He is not. I paved the way for his downfall by exposing such a tangled web of treachery and deceit as the minds of but few men could conceive. He is a very villain. The Earl of Leicester was shocked at his villainy, which surpassed his belief."

"Did he give him warrant for ill-usage to the lady?" continued Foster, looking curiously at Amy.

"He did in a manner," Tresillian answered; "that is to say, he scarcely knew what he spoke, for his mind was wrought upon by this rogue, who played upon his fier feelings and abused his credulity. When he knew all, he quickly cancelled whatever hurried order he may have given."

Foster would have plied him with more questions, had not his anxiety to attend to Amy dissuaded Tresillian to talk to him. It was Foster's wish to know exactly how Varney stood with Leicester, so that he should be able to shape his own course most in accordance with his personal interests. If Varney's influence was on the wane, or had already fallen below zero, it required little intelligence to suggest that he should disavow Varney altogether, and make his court to the unhappy countess, whose star appeared to be in the ascendant once more. Accord-

ingly he followed Tresillian to Amy's side, saying, in a tone of hypocritical commiseration:

"Poor, dear lady; her sufferings have been great, and to-night she has had a narrow escape from the sword of the assassin. Truly, is it a wicked world. How long shall the evil flourish? A courtly dame and a delicate! How pale, but how beautiful she is! Could a face be imagined more worthy to wear a coronet? Poor bird! but she has escaped the snares of the fowler—'twas my shot that frightened the villain. I do hope, sir, in making your report to his nobleness the Earl of Leicester—that shining light, after the queen, in our realm—you will not forget to mention my shot, and likewise that my daughter Janet unlocked your bonds, when confined by order of this Varney. They that use this world should not abuse it, for the fashion of it passeth away."

Tresillian paid but little heed to him, being entirely engrossed with Amy, into whose cheeks a little colour returned; her breathing grew stronger, and she shook convulsively, as if at the effort she made to return to her senses. Janet was bathing her forehead with a piece of linen, dipped in some pungent essence which was an excellent restorative.

"It wonders me to think, sir, where that same hulking and roystering fellow, Dick Whistler, can have got to," continued Foster. "He was one of the ugliest, and dearly loved to abuse the saints—not that I am presumptuous enough to place myself in that category, though his language to me savoured much of the camp and the tavern. But, the tongue can no man tame; 'tis an unruly member, full of deadly poison"—so said the Apostle James. Ah, well! it is a mercy that there is little blood spilt. 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' Even I arose in my might; I feel that I can say with Timothy, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' I do pray and entreat you, Master Tresillian, not to forget in your report that I fired a shot at the rascal knight, which, had he not been guarded by the fiend his master, must have killed him. He has led me into much wrong. I have been taken astray by him; yet will I forgive him from the bottom of my soul, for do we not read in Peter that 'charity shall cover the multitude of sins'? 'Tis in the first epistle, sir, and is writ by the same apostle who cut off an ear of one of the high priest's servants with a sword. I felt fired with the same holy zeal when, marking the villain well, I fired at Varney. 'Twas a brave-deed, though I say it, and he bore a charmed life, for my muzzle covered his heart."

As a matter of fact, the bullet was found the next day safely embedded in the ceiling, which fully disposed of the theory that Master Anthony Foster was so anxious to establish, that Varney was favoured by the fiend, to whom he had in all probability bartered his soul, in return for temporary prosperity and worldly wealth.

Barfoot, at this juncture, gave a prolonged groan, for he was much hurt. Tresillian turned round, and exclaimed to Foster:

"If you would show your zeal, sir, you might do so to more advantage by talking less, and rendering some help to yonder poor wretch who lies groaning on the floor—you see my hands are full, and I cannot be in two places at once."

"Truly his condition had escaped me," rejoined Foster. "He is in evil case. I will lend him what assistance I can, though I know him not, and my skill in surgery is not accounted as much. See what he was a short time ago, and how low he is fallen. How well said the psalmist 'Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth'—nay, I am wrong; 'twas not the psalmist, we have it in the Book of Proverbs—yea, verily, 'twas the wise man, Solomon. My memory serves me not so well as of yore."

"Oh, father!" cried Janet, "are you not ashamed to stand there, piling words upon words as if you had an audience at the conventicle while a man's life may be in danger through the absence of the commonest attention? Is that your regard for your fellow creatures? Do you, sir," she added, to Tresillian, "attend to Lady Amy, who is fast recovering, and I will go to the aid of your man."

In a short time, Janet had, by bending over Barfoot, discovered his wounds. He had one thrust through the fleshy part of the arm, and the point of Sir Richard Varney's sword had penetrated the side, just underneath the armpit. Whether the wound was deep or not she had not sufficient skill to tell, but her common sense dictated the immediate stoppage of the hemorrhage by the aid of bandages, for the poor fellow was already fainting from loss of blood.

"There!" she exclaimed, while Barfoot's eyes sought hers gratefully, "I will place something under his head, and he will rest until we can send a messenger for a leech."

"You have done well, my child," said Foster, who

had rather impeded her efforts than assisted them by his fussy manner. "A wounded body you can heal, but a wounded spirit who can minister to? I wonder what has come to that same Dick Whistler. He knows some of the secrets of mine house; what if he should esteem this a fitting time to try to rob me of my gold—my hard-earned gold? Not that I have much of it; a mere trifle, and this put by for mine old age, sir—for my daughter in fact," he added as he saw Tresillian's eye fixed upon him.

This observation gave Tresillian the key to his entire character, and he rejoined:

"You are fond of making scriptural quotations, Master Foster, and you should know that riches certainly make to themselves wings, and fly away as an eagle towards heaven. You are told not to be greedy of filthy lucre, because the love of money is the root of all evil."

"Yes, yes," answered Foster, trembling with impatience and the anxiety which his newly born fear caused him, "I grant you the text, yet I would remind you that the labourer is worthy of his hire. 'Like master like man,' they say. Varney I know to be an accomplished villain, and his man, Dick Whistler, partakes very much of his character. I have known him here in the village of Osmor since he was a boy, and he was ever a desperate character, whom all said would come to the gallows. Ever robbing of orchards, he could not keep his hands from picking and stealing. I'll o'en go and look after my few broad pieces; they shall never fill the pouch of Dick Whistler."

As he repeated this name the last time, Tresillian had lifted Amy into a chair, she being sufficiently recovered to sit up. Recognising the name, Amy remembered all that had happened, and her face was lit up with lively interest, though she shuddered as she recalled what had happened.

"I fear you speak truth there," she said, "for the person whose name you mention must be dead by this time. Yet I would urge you to inquire into his condition. It may be possible to effect a rescue."

"I pray you explain your meaning, madam!" exclaimed Foster. "We know that Sir Richard Varney has fled, but we know nothing of his man. Perhaps your head is not sufficiently clear to comprehend what has taken place?"

"Oh, yes," returned Amy, "I am perfectly clear upon the matter."

And she related how Dick had been to visit her, offering her his services, which she had gladly accepted, and how he had fallen through the floor, as it were, on leaving her apartment.

Foster groaned in real anguish of spirit. He saw what had occurred, and blamed himself for initiating Varney into the mystery of his trap, which he had turned to so fatal an account.

Committing Amy to the care of Janet, Tresillian seized a lamp which stood upon the table, and, bidding Foster follow him, went cautiously along the corridor until he came to the yawning gulf, down which he peered, shuddering at the awful manner in which Whistler had come by his death.

"All is still," he said, in a low voice.

At the bottom a heap of clothes could be faintly distinguished, but the wretched creature had ceased to groan, even if he had done so at all. Probably his neck was broken in the fall. The silence of the grave reigned supreme.

"Can nothing be done to get him out of this pit?" pursued Tresillian.

"Nothing that I can think of," answered Foster. "Probably men with a ladder and ropes might effect something; but he is dead enough. 'E'en let him rest where he is till the morning. We will then see what we can do to recover the body and give it decent sepulture."

"What devilish ingenuity worked in your head when you had this trap made, man?" asked Tresillian.

"Nay, I know not. 'Twas my device to keep thieves from my strong-box, where I kept what little wealth I have amassed, in yonder room. 'Hitherto shalt thou come,' thought I, 'but no farther; here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' I love not the money for its own sake, but I have a daughter, Master Tresillian. I would see her well wed, and endow her freely with this world's goods. I have had to contend with grinding poverty, and it likes me not."

"Lay up treasure for yourself where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal," said Tresillian, gravely; adding, as if to himself, "and this was intended to be her fate!"

Foster caught the words, and exclaimed, quickly:

"Do me the justice to believe, sir, that I knew not what was working in Sir Richard Varney's brain. He did draw my secret forth, as it were, by curious questioning. I did his bidding, for he was my patron; to me he was Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end."

"Her escape was indeed providential," continued Tresillian. "No thanks to you, Master Foster; to



[A TRAGEDY.]

you we owe but scant gratitude; yet, for your daughter's sake, your fault shall be overlooked."

"Truly, indeed, can I say with the preacher that 'I have seen all the works that are done under the sun,'" answered Foster, with an humility real or assumed, "and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"Tut, tut!" cried Tresillian, impatiently. "You have a text ever on the tip of your tongue! Remember you the Pharisees? Do good, man, and don't talk about it; reform your life."

"I pray you think of one thing, sir. I shot at the villain Varney and caused him to decamp. He promised me that if I would serve the Earl of Leicester he would convert my leasehold of this old manor into copyhold. A word from you to the earl can do it. I pray you think of me, sir."

"Go to!" replied Tresillian. "I like not your mercenary manner. This is not a time to talk of such things. I am not in the promising vein. I will think of thee—harass me not now, Master Foster."

With that he returned to Janet and the countess, whom he found sufficiently recovered to sit up and talk rationally about all that had happened. Janet was now bending over Barfoot with tender solicitude, and the smile on his livid lips showed that, though he was in great pain, he appreciated her efforts on his behalf.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

Get place and wealth—if possible, with grace;  
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

In the meantime Sir Richard Varney travelled as fast as the best horse in Master Foster's stable would carry him to Kenilworth Castle.

He was a man of an iron frame and in the full vigour of life, but the fatigue of his constant journeying told upon him at last, and when, in the yet early morning, he reached the castle, he was so jaded as scarcely to be able to walk without staggering.

"All depends upon my speed," he said to himself constantly. "Leicester's downfall is certain now. Tresillian has conquered me, and Amy is safe and well under his influence. What he will now do, I cannot doubt. He will so work upon Leicester's dormant virtue, which I but silenced, not extinguished, that he will acknowledge his countess. Ha! ha! perhaps they will find that they are a day behind the fair. I have myself to save, and I'll to the queen at once."

Without caring to change his travel-stained apparel, the wily scoundrel entered the castle, and, meeting one of the high officials named Curtice, exclaimed:

"Give you good morrow, Master Curtice. Canst afford me any information how her majesty proposes to spend this happy day?"

"I do hear there is to be a stag hunt anon," rejoined Curtice, "and in the afternoon sundry sports will be performed by the mummers in the Pleasaunce. To-morrow, as you know, the great tilting match is to come off. Great preparations are being made for the event, and thousands are coming from far and near to witness the sport."

"Is her majesty in the banqueting-hall now?" continued Varney.

"I believe she takes the air in the Pleasaunce after breaking her fast: but surely, Sir Richard, you will not venture to present yourself in such a state. Her majesty, they say, is ever particular in the matter of dress."

"Nay, man, I have travelled. This guise befits me. It shows the urgent nature of my business with the queen, who likes well a diligent servant. I pray you, where is the bear, our noble master?"

"I saw him but now within the castle. There were with him the Earl of Sussex, my Lord Hunsdon, Sir Walter Raleigh, my Lord of Shrewsbury, and—"

Master Curtice was trying to recall the notabilities with whom he had seen Leicester for the edification of Varney, when, looking up, he saw that Sir Richard, in the impatience of his mind, had gone off in the midst of his discourse.

"Hum!" he ejaculated. "This is not proper treatment for a high officer of the household. Mark how his new dignity inflates him. His vanity betrays him into an abruptness of manner. It is not seemly. He bemane himself ill."

Varney was quickly out of sight, he making his way direct to the Pleasaunce where the queen was said to be walking with her ladies. His face was pale and dirt-begrimed, his eyes swollen and blood-shot, his lips compressed, and the corners of his mouth drawn down, betokening great determination. We have seen such a face at Baden, when a gambler, having tempted fortune night and day for a week past, collects all the valuables he has left, turns them into money, and sits down with his last stake before him to try his luck for the last time.

Seeing so curious a figure coming towards her, Elizabeth stopped, remarking to Lady Rutland:

"This should be a post, who has travelled fast inland with important despatches. No, 'tis Sir Richard Varney. What wants he with us in such ill trim?"

Varney approached, and, throwing himself on one knee, exclaimed:

"Pardon me, gracious madame, for daring to seek your presence in such guise as this. Only my devotion to your throne would have obliged me to do so, for I have that for your private ear which no threats or blandishments shall induce me to keep any longer from your grace."

The queen appeared interested at once, and, requesting the ladies of the court to fall back, bade Sir Richard rise in gracious tones, and looked smilingly at him as if to encourage him to proceed.

He hesitated, beginning and breaking off abruptly, and then beginning again, somewhat in this wise:

"The Earl of Leicester, madame—that is to say, the so-called Lady Varney—my wife, as they say—I would inform your grace—No, no! I will speak though he runs his sword through my body. He is rich and powerful. He has the queen's ear. No matter. I'll not be silent. Her majesty shall know all. I will trust to her clemency—and yet, should I lose my patron—"

"Sir Richard," exclaimed the queen. "I pray you be more succinct. You mouth and matter until we grow clouded ourselves."

"I have travelled two days and nights, madame," he answered, "and had scarce any sleep, save what I snatched in the saddle—and events prey upon my mind. I have deceived your majesty, but I only obeyed the orders of another throughout."

"And this other, sir? His name, please you?" asked Elizabeth, with a calmness which showed that a storm was brewing.

"I pray your majesty to be lenient with me, and remember that I have, as I ventured to say just now, been the servant throughout this business," replied Varney.

"Sdeath, sir! We shall lose all patience!" cried Elizabeth, angrily. "Of whom do you speak?"

"Of the Earl of Leicester, madame," Varney answered, looking steadily at her majesty.

"Now, we'll warrant us, 'tis some tale about this daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart with which you come to oppress our royal ears," exclaimed the queen; "and we assure thee, Sir Richard Varney, that thy knighthood shall not save thee from punishment if you traduce your noble master. We thought we had done with the woman. Be careful, sir, how you dare to mention her name in the same breath as that of the lord of this castle."

A faint smile came to Varney's thin, pale lips.

"I pray your majesty to hear me patiently for a few minutes," he said.

"Proceed—we listen—you have our ear," replied Elizabeth.

(To be continued.)





[THE AVENGER.]

## HOW DID LADY NEVILLE DIE?

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"The Unloved Wife," "The Curse of Everleigh," &c.*

## CHAPTER III.

Go, when the hunter's hand has wrong  
From forest-cave her shrieking young,  
And calm the lonely lioness.  
But soothe not—mock not my distress. *Byron.*

WHEN the young man got back to his lodgings he found Royce there waiting for him, and the girl, not being plain by nature, had made herself really handsome with some of the money Madame Revere had given her. Presumptuous as it might seem, Royce had lost her heart to this handsome boy, whose youth and bashfulness had stood between him and all women save his mother and sister till now.

She had procured a new black dress, and her gloves and shoes fitted her so well that it was easy to see Royce had some of the instincts of a lady.

Her hair, which was really rich and abundant, was arranged so as to set off to advantage her red cheeks and bright dark eyes.

Salaris, however, seemed quite unconscious of any change. Royce's face was full of news, and that was what he wanted.

She began by telling him that Sir Philip Wain had called at Neville House in the morning, and Madame had herself accompanied him to the nursery. He had gone away afterwards on evidently the best of terms with Madame Revere.

"Can he be in league with that bad woman?" asked Salaris, in great perplexity.

It is perhaps as well to say here that only Felice had been present at the visit of Sir Philip Wain and Madame Revere to the nursery. Madame had silenced the physician's suspicions by one bold stroke. She had told him which child was in reality Lady Neville's, trusting to the interval which she meant should intervene before he saw them again, and the general resemblance of the two children, to efface the impression made now.

Royce afterwards told Salaris that the children were to be sent to Llewellyn Hall the following day. Salaris looked his dismay.

"Who goes with them?"  
"Felice and Janet. I begged to go, but [Madame evidently distrusts me.]

"If Madame will not permit you to go, then I will go without her permission," he said, with an air of resolution.

"You? How could you without money, and how could you get admission to the Hall? No, sir; I

know a better way than that," and Royce drew a little nearer to him.

"Tell it then."

"If you would return me the little paper my lady left—"

"Well?"

"If you would permit me to give it to Madame—"

"To Madame? Are you crazy? It is the only real proof we have of Madame's guilt!"

"Yes; but she knows we have it. She is on her guard. It is very doubtful if any accusation you or I could make against her would be listened to. You saw how Sir Philip Wain received it."

"Yes;" and Salaris thought of Denham.

"If I give this paper to Madame, it will restore me to her confidence, and I shall be permitted to go to Llewellyn Hall with the children in place of Janet."

"If you could steal my sister's child, and run away with him till he was of age, it would be something worth talking about," said Salaris, bitterly.

Royce gave him a queer look.

"Maybe I could!"

The young man turned upon her with a strangely roused expression.

"You wouldn't."

"I would if I were paid enough for it," with another sly look at him.

The eagerness died out of his voice.

"I have no money, Royce," he said.

"It is not money I want, but something dearer, more precious to me," the girl whispered, all the colour suddenly rushing out of her cheeks in her fright at her own boldness.

But Salaris was far from understanding her. He looked puzzled first, then he brightened a little.

"We don't even know which is Lady Neville's child positively," he said.

"I am satisfied in my own mind," said Royce, stoutly.

"That is not enough. You must see that, Royce."

Royce was silent.

Salaris, with his head dropped, was slowly pacing the floor in deep thought.

"Have you access to the nursery now, Royce?" he asked at length.

"I have not been forbidden to go there lately."

"If you could manage this business to-night now," raising his clear, bright eyes to her face, "if you could, there is nothing that is mine that I would not give you in return."

Royce bridled, and looked at him bashfully.

"You'll conclude it dear-bought service, sir, I'm afraid, when you know."

The youth gave her a grave and curious glance, but shook his head and said "No!"

"Well, then, Felice was wanting me to stay with the children to-night, so that she could go out. But Madame Revere said no. She would trust me if I brought her that bit of writing I gave you. How she knew anything about it I don't know."

"You could manage this business to-night? Tell me just how."

"The nursery windows open to the floor, and there are steps up from three of them into the garden. You've only to get me something to make the little one sleep, and the rest is easy."

Salaris took the fatal paper out of his pocket and looked at it thoughtfully. But Sir Philip Wain, and Denham, the magistrate, had regarded it as of no legal importance, and he looked upon the peril of his sister's child as most imminent.

"You are sure Madame Revere would permit you to take Felice's place in the nursery to-night if you gave up to her this paper?" he said, slowly.

"Yes."

"Well, then, here it is."

But he resigned it with evident reluctance.

"Wait here for me," he then said, and ran out.

He had gone to an apothecary's. When he came back he showed Royce a tiny phial, with white lines encircling it.

"It is a sleeping potion," he said. "A dose is exactly what is between those lines. It is sweet and not unpleasant. You are to contrive to give each of the children a portion."

"Each, sir? Both?"

"Both," repeated the youth, a grim light suddenly springing up in his beautiful eyes.

Royce had risen to go. She turned about and sat down again, covered with consternation.

"Whatever do you mean, sir?"

"It'll be as easy taking two as one, if they're put sound enough to sleep not to waken and cry."

"Well; but what will we do with both, and where's the good?"

Salaris clinched his white teeth.

"I will tell you. I don't know which is my poor Esther's child. Madame Revere does. She shall not have her own son back till she tells me the truth."

"Do you think she would tell you the truth even then?" asked Royce.

"She'll tell the truth when it comes to taking her own child or losing him," Salaris said, with another of those grim smiles which sat so strangely on his handsome young lips. "She can't have but one."

Royce was silent. Strange to say, the courage

which had not feared to steal one child was frightened at thought of meddling with the other.

"It's a dangerous business," she said, shaking her head. "If we undertake too much we shall lose all and ourselves in the bargain. I can't do it."

Salaris coloured and bit his lips. "I thought all the time you were too willing," he said.

"You want too much. I never bargained to touch the other child."

"Where is the difference? It will do no good to take only one."

Royce hung her head, and fingered the little phial containing the sleeping potions for the two children.

Salaris walked the floor in perplexity and anger.

His warm and adventurous young blood panted to deal madame this blow; at the same time to avenge his lost Eather, and rescue her child from her destroyers.

Royce stole a look at him. His eyes were all aflame, his face white, except a spot of crimson in each cheek.

Royce's heart beat at sight of that handsome, eloquent countenance.

"Sir," she began, eagerly, and stopped again. Salaris did not look that way.

"If you knew the price," went on Royce, trembling at her own hardihood, and stopped again.

Still Salaris did not look at her, but he murmured, scornfully:

"The price?"

"Yes, sir, the price," repeated Royce, still trembling.

"Well, then, what is it?" he demanded, and stopped suddenly in front of her.

Royce rose to her feet and stood with her face whiter than her handkerchief.

"I'm a mad woman, sir," she said, desperately.

"In spite of the difference in our stations, I have had the presumption to love you. The price I was going to set upon my service was yourself. I was going to demand that you should marry your sister's servant."

With that she snatched her bonnet and started for the door.

Salaris stopped her.

"Are you mad?" he said.

"I told you I was," she answered, sullenly.

"But—but—" and the beautiful fellow blushed hotly. "I am so much younger than you are, Royce."

Royce only bit the end of her bonnet string.

"And," he added, slowly, "I have absolutely nothing to give you but my name."

"I haven't asked you for that yet," burst forth Royce; "I only said I was going to."

"You said it was the price you were going to put on your services," he said, with a certain constraint in his tone. "Well, Royce, I will give it if you are in earnest."

No answer or movement on Royce's part.

"Were you in earnest?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is a bargain, then. Look at me, Royce. Give me your hand on it. You were the best friend she had. If you'll help me to save her child from her fate, I'll marry you as soon as it's done."

Royce put her hand out gropingly without turning her head. Salaris clasped it in both his. She glanced at him, and burst into hysterical sobbing.

Madame Revere retired early to her luxurious apartments that night.

With the body of her victim still under the same roof, she was not inclined to sleep soundly, it is perhaps unnecessary to say. She retired to gloat over the possession of that fatal writing Royce had found on the dead body, to sit and stare at it in a kind of terrified fascination.

She had questioned Royce shrewdly, and rewarded her ready replies with another *donneur* of sovereigns, little guessing that that very money was to be an instrument in cheating her of the one darling of her cruel and unscrupulous soul.

She put the paper on the coals at last shuddering, then went to look at her baby boy in hope the sight of his innocent face would alleviate some of the pangs she was undergoing.

Royce was there, demurely installed in Felice's place. Even Janet had gone for a gossip in the servants' hall. Madame was rather relieved than otherwise to find it so. She had no distrust of Royce now.

Before she passed beyond the silken curtains which shut the couch of the sleeping children from the other portion of the room, madame turned to Royce.

"Go into the hall and remain till I come out," she said, "and prevent Janet also from entering."

Royce obeyed her; but as she stood outside she said to herself:

"I see why she wishes to be alone; it is that she may caress her own babe unwatched. I wonder if there is any danger of Janet coming?"

Then, presently, she opened the door, which

she had cunningly left ajar, a little more, and, slipping through, stole towards the silken curtains, all of which madame had dropped, and cautiously pushed through at a point where madame would not be likely to observe her.

It was as she had expected. Madame had drawn a low chair to the side of the cot, and was carefully lifting out the larger of the two children.

"How sweetly he sleeps!" she uttered, unconsciously doting upon the babe upon her knee.

"And well he may," thought Royce, grimly.

"Look your last on him, madame. Kiss him and hug him well; it's the last chance you'll have for many a day. Ah!" she added, as madame, lifting her eyes by chance, fixed them on the other babe with an expression frightful in its hatred and vindictiveness.

With kisses upon kisses, breathless, noiseless caresses, madame took farewell of her child, and as though some inward foreboding of what was coming had touched her, stood, after she had lifted the curtains which shut off this portion of the nursery, and looked at him lingeringly, then stole back for one more kiss, and went away slowly, with maternal flushes on her satin cheek, and unwonted moisture quenching the fire of her bright and haughty eye.

Royce stood demurely outside by this time.

There was a certain foundling hospital which was needing a nurse, and by the merest accident Salaris Vivian saw the advertisement. So he arranged that the two unconscious children, when secured—an easy enough matter, in the first place, for nobody was on the watch against him coming for them, and Janet being drugged to sleep as well as they—should be taken under his cloak and Royce's to his lodgings, which were in a bye-street, and easy of access.

There he had provided some plain suits of clothes, such as only the children of poor people would be likely to wear, and he and Royce removed their costly apparel and ornaments, and having put them in two separate parcels, concealed them in a safe place. Then the babes were dressed differently, the curls of one were shorn close, while the other's were only slightly cut.

Early in the morning Salaris, took one child and left it at the hospital. A few hours later, Royce conveyed the other thither, and, later still, armed with a certificate of character written by Salaris, applied for the vacant post of nurse, and obtained it.

This last move was for concealment, and for the purpose of keeping watch over the stolen babes; and, knowing that her prospects of marrying Salaris depended upon her skill in this last direction, every faculty of Royce was brought to bear for its accomplishment.

Now, children deposited at a public charity are "adopted" as rapidly as opportunity occurs, and every precaution is taken to conceal where they go to, not for the sake so much of hindering those unfortunate mothers who wish to reclaim their darlings as for the protection of those who adopt them.

Royce's task was not an easy one, therefore.

Salaris remained quietly in his lodgings unsuspected, while both the town and country were ransacked for the missing children.

Nobody thought of looking where they were, and Royce not only kept herself close, but went by another name than her own in the hospital.

She had cropped her hair at Salaris's instance, and had altered her attire to suit her situation. Nobody would have recognised the smart, pretty maid of the advertisement in this soberly attired and quiet nurse-girl.

Little the police guessed, while they were scouring the country far and wide for Royce, that they had missed their game by such a trifle.

Only Madame Revere turned her fidgety eyes suspiciously upon Salaris at last, and sent Felice to bid him come to her. But by that time he was not to be found.

Madame caused him to be sought for diligently, and meantime wore sack-cloth, so to speak, and covered her head with the ashes of remorse.

Her husband returned the day of Lady Neville's funeral, but he was grown sullen and silent and subject to fits of gloom, which, finally culminating in one of his periodical attacks of insanity, madame surprised his hitherto well-kept secret and remorselessly huddled him off to a madhouse to end his days.

He died in three months after, a raving madman, whose frenzies were all haunted by one face, that of his noble young brother-in-law, Lord Robert Neville.

Six months after the child she had sinued for had been given from her, Madame Revere sat as usual now, brooding alone in the darkened room in which she kept herself mostly.

Suddenly a cloaked and masked form stood before her, and turned the lock of her door.

Madame lifted a face whiter than marble, and two shaking hands. Some instinct told her this strange visitant brought news of her lost boy, and maternal

anxiety swallowed the natural terror she might otherwise have felt. She did not once cry out.

Her visitor hastened to make known his terms. She was to state in her own hand, and put her name to the writing, which was her child and which the young lord, and she should receive her own.

Madame hung her haughty head, and her ashen lips quivered.

"Let me see them both, and I will tell you which is mine."

"You confess, then, that you intended to palm your child off as the heir."

Madame's fiery glance swept him angrily.

"No!"

At the same moment her white hand crept towards a silken bell-rope which swung near.

Her visitor was between her and it. In an instant he had knotted it and flung it beyond her reach.

Quick as a flash she sprang to an Indian cabinet, and, snatching from one of its compartments a tiny silver-mounted pistol, held the glittering muzzle towards him.

"Where is my child?" she demanded; "tell me, or I will kill you."

Salaris, for it was he, did not move.

"Kill me, madame," he said, a little scornfully, "and, with me, all hope of ever again beholding your son."

Madame lowered the pistol with the cry of a wounded animal; then she lifted it again, and flung it at his feet in a passion.

"Kill me, then," she cried, "since you have stolen my child! Kill me."

"Not now," was the cold reply. "The time may come when you may really wish to die."

A chill, as of death, penetrated to madame's heart at these words. She took a step towards him.

"Who are you?" she demanded, fiercely.

"I will tell you who I am," said Salaris's stern and relentless voice. "I will give you a name to know and fear me by as long as you and I live. Call me Avenger—the avenger of innocent blood."

For I have sworn that the brain that conceived, the hand that executed the destruction of that most gentle and sweet Lady Neville shall drink the cup of atonement to the dregs. Madame, you will never again have the chance you have not grasped at to-day. I shall never say to you again: 'Tell me which is your child, and you shall have him!'

No; I will give your child to you now only upon one condition. One year from the day of Lady Neville's death I will come to you again. Wherever you are I will find you, but it shall only be to ask you this question—this question which you shall answer, to me and to justice, or never know your child again—this question, madame—How did Lady Neville die?"

It was too much. With a succession of awful screams madame fell back convulsed, foam gathering on her pallid and drawn lips.

Salaris quietly unlocked the door, and, before madame's servants, drawn by her cries, could reach her, he was far away.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Tis he—'tis he—I know him now!

I know him by his pallid brow,

I know him by the evil eye

That aids his envious treachery." *Dryden.*

It was not anxiety that madame endured through the whole of that terrible interval. It was the agony of the mother, who knew her child lived in the power of her enemy, side by side with the guilty terror of a woman who saw herself at the mercy of that very enemy. She did not dare search openly for Salaris, whom she had recognised in spite of his disguise, but she secretly put a detective upon his track, and offered enormous sums to this man if he would find—not Salaris, though that was first necessary, she imagined—but the children.

It was all in vain. The young man had taken his precautions too carefully.

The fifth of December came—that fatal anniversary on which he had warned her she would see him again, and, notwithstanding his assurance that he should come to her wherever she was, madame took pains to be at Neville House, where she had seen him last, lest she might miss him.

In the feverish alternations of her hope and despair, she longed for his coming one moment, that she might hear of her child, and dreaded it the next, in fear unutterable. One hour she ordered a strict watch to be kept to intercept him; the next, she banished every creature from her vicinity, lest he should be deterred by their presence from approaching her.

Two hours before midnight Salaris, who had chosen that time as the safest, presented himself suddenly to madame as she sat in her drawing-room alone, every terror swallowed up in her devouring longing to hear of her child.



Before he could speak she flung herself at his feet. "Only tell me that he is well; that he is not ill-treated," she pleaded, clinging to him.

Salaris looked down at her with a terrible smile. "You suffer, madame," he said, in his implacable voice.

"Only tell me he does not—my little one, my darling! Oh, you would not harm a little child?" "I shall tell you nothing, madame. I leave all to your imagination," said the implacable voice again; "unless—by chance—you—have concluded to answer that question, to ask which was all that brought me hither. Is it so, madame? How did Lady Neville die?"

Madame ceased suddenly to moan and writhe. She rose slowly to her feet, and threw back the long yellow hair which had tumbled about her shoulders and over her face. She was a tall woman, and the pallor of her countenance, her hollow eyes, and bloodless lips were frightful to see. Lifting her shaking hand, she held it aloft:

"If you ever ask that question again, I will kill you. I swear it."

Salaris heard her without a change in that terrible sardonic smile.

"One year from to-day, madame, you shall have the opportunity of fulfilling your oath."

With a low bow he departed.

Madame's detective was watching for him. As he left the house, this man crept stealthily after him, and the next morning madame received a little note.

"I am after him sharp. He won't get away from me this time. When I've tracked him to his lair, you shall hear from me again."

At night she received another despatch.

"The young man, after leaving Neville House, went straight to a very elegant mansion in Eaton Square. He has remained there ever since, till now, when he has gone out riding with a lady. I am told that he owns the house, and that the lady is his wife. He has owned the house only about a month, I find. It is a magnificent residence, and furnished superbly. The couple who live here have one child, a little girl; there are no other children about."

Upon the receipt of this communication Madame Revere sent at once for the detective, whose name was Ryder.

"There is some mistake," she said, with irritation. "There must be. Salaris can neither be a married man nor in a position to own an elegant mansion superbly furnished."

"The man who owns this is the one I followed from Neville House last night near midnight," said Ryder. "There is no room for doubt. He is called Salaris. He is young; not more than twenty or twenty-one at most."

The detective spoke with a quiet conviction that was very convincing.

"But where can he have got his money? Did you hear anything about that?"

"No one seems to know much about him in that quarter. I will make further inquiries if you please."

"Do so."

The man came again the following day.

"Salaris Vivian," he said, "is a complete mystery, I find. Though he has only been in London, or indeed Eng and, about a month, so far as I can learn, he is already exceedingly well known in business and some other circles, by his eccentricity, his extravagance, his seemingly endless resources; and his wealth is more a mystery than himself. The stories told to account for this vast wealth are as various and numerous as they are marvellous and incredible."

Madame Revere was confounded. She could not believe that there was no mistake. But she took measures to satisfy herself, and found that Ryder, extravagantly as he had spoken, had exaggerated nothing.

Afterwards, riding one day, she met Salaris and his wife, seated in an open carriage, whose elegance she had never seen equalled even abroad.

In the richly attired and certainly handsome woman beside her enemy, madame, with a violent start, recognised Royce Ferguson.

The fourth anniversary of the death of Lady Neville came round. Madame Revere had perjured herself, for Salaris was still alive, though he had said to madame twice in the interval, "How did Lady Neville die?"

Upon this fourth anniversary he presented himself as previously.

But this time he had by the hand a little boy about four years old, richly dressed and of remarkable beauty. Madame Revere, who had ceased to hope—Madame Revere, whom remorse had wasted to the shadow of herself, darted forward at sight of the child, and fell upon him with terrible cries and wild caresses.

She laughed, she wept, she showered kisses upon his bright hair, his tender eyes, his little hands. She

called blessings upon Salaris even—Salaris, who watched her with a grim and an awful eye.

The pretty boy began to cry, frightened, no doubt, by madame's vehemence.

A smile, such as the executioner might give his victim, parted the young man's chiselled lips.

"Madame perhaps imagines it is her own child she embraces?" he said, in his still, icy voice.

Madame stopped caressing the child instantly, but still clasping him to her in a kind of frenzy, turned a wild glance on her enemy.

"He is mine!" she said, desperately.

Salaris smiled again.

"Madame," he said, sternly, "it is your turn now to ask 'which is my child?' The ability to answer that question, even to yourself, has passed from you."

The child was screaming by this time. Madame's clasp of him loosened slowly till he broke from her and ran to Salaris.

The young man took him in his arms when he clung about his neck, and looked askance at madame with his pretty bright eyes.

A kind of shiver crept over the wretched woman.

"Is he my child or hers?" she demanded, hoarsely.

Salaris smiled again.

"Do you imagine me capable of bringing you her child?" he said, sardonically. "His name is Claude Revere;" then, setting the boy down: "When you decide to tell me how Lady Neville died you shall know the truth. If you never confess, you shall never know."

He quitted the room instantly, leaving the boy behind him.

(To be continued.)

## THE DIAMOND MERCHANT.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN Ernest assured the villainous owner of the "Iron Hand" inn that the jewels were of immense value, the latter could scarcely conceal the exultation that filled his heart.

"Millions of gold florins!" muttered Schwartz as he rode on. "I am worth millions!—that is Ulgiha has my jewels, which are worth millions. What an idiot was I to give them to her to keep! The jewels once in my hand again, and she shall die this night. I'll make an end of the lad, fire the inn, and take my way to France. A jolly life I'll lead the rest of my days—haw, haw!"

The intelligent boy knew very well that his deceived companion was rejoicing over his imagined wealth, and could have laughed also, had he dared, and had his heart not been heavy with fear for his father, his stepmother, and himself.

He thought of his father's diamonds, too, the gems of immense value which were concealed in the padding of the old saddle. Schwartz had told him that he had thrown or kicked that saddle into the old well of the stable-yard at the "Iron Hand" inn. If the saddle were there, the jewels were still undiscovered, for had Schwartz found them he would have described their appearance—all being large diamonds—and not the contents of the ransom packet.

"I think this man means dreadful evil towards me," thought the boy, "yet it may be he will permit mother and me to go away unharmed. If he do, I must contrive to regain the saddle. We shall need the diamonds to ransom father from the Riders, if they have him alive."

At about sunset they arrived at the rear of the "Iron Hand" inn, for Schwartz had directed his course to the stable-yard.

"I must see how mother is," exclaimed Ernest as he leaped from his mule and bounded towards the back door of the inn.

"I warrant she will welcome you," growled Schwartz as he saw Ulgiha coming towards him.

"My mother! How is she?" cried Ernest as he met Ulgiha crossing the stable-yard.

"She is far better than she was when you went away four days ago, my lad," replied Ulgiha.

Ernest tarried to hear no more, but bounded on into the house, and was soon locked in the embrace of Lady Van De Veer, as she reclined in bed, pale and feeble, but gaining strength every hour.

"Ah, dear mother!" said the affectionate boy, who could scarcely have loved Lady Van De Veer more had he believed her his own mother, "I feared I was never to hear your voice again."

"Dear son," replied Lady Louise, "Ulgiha told me that you had gone to Koridam or some other place for a physician. Did you come with you! Though, thank Heaven, I think I need no doctor's drugs now."

"No, mother, none came with me. But let me tell you all that has happened to me since I went away."

While the eager boy conversed with Lady Louise he will return to Schwartz and Ulgiha.

The eye of the landlord of the "Iron Hand" inn was auri and lowering as Ulgiha approached him. She had his supposed millions somewhere, and he burned to have the jewels in his possession again.

"How is it with the woman?" he asked, when Ulgiha came up.

"She is doing well. Her mind has returned. She knows that a child has been born, and believes the story that I have told her."

"What was that?"

"That the babe died soon after its birth, and that it lies buried there," replied Ulgiha, with a gesture over her shoulders towards the other side of the inn. "She has no suspicion of the truth. She is a very strong woman, and if she regains her strength at the rate she has been doing, why, I think in two weeks' time she may journey on."

"Ay, perhaps she may," said Schwartz. "But now I have kept my promise. The lad is back and unharmed—"

"Come, this is dried blood here on your sleeve—and there is more about you," interrupted Ulgiha as she detected the stains upon her husband's garments.

"It came not from the boy. You saw him; he is not hurt in the least. That fellow, Hans-fel, quarrelled with me, and I hurt him with my knife."

"Hurt him?"

"Killed him, if you like. He would not give me up the boy without a fight, and perhaps I hurt him worse than I meant. No matter. The boy is back, and well. So give me the jewels."

"They are safer in my keeping. You'd gamble them away in a year."

"I'll never gamble again, Ulgiha. Why risk, when I have millions? Come, give me the jewels."

"Very well. Put up the beasts while I go get the jewels," replied Ulgiha, who then hurried away.

"Ho! she has gone to get the jewels!" chuckled Schwartz as he attended to his animals. "She does not suspect that I mean to have all for myself and make an end of her! What will a man worth millions want with such a death's-head hanging about him? Once in France, I will have myself attired as one of the gallants of the court. Tailors and barbers shall attend upon me every day. I'll be a man of fashion. I am in my prime, I may say, and can soon shake off my rude, boorish ways. I'll have the best instructors. I'll become a model of grace and fashion. This shaggy hair and beard of mine being trimmed and shaped and oiled by the barbers—this figure well arrayed in lace and velvet—these pockets—no, not these groasy pockets, but the new pockets I shall have, being over lined with gold coin—a hat of velvet and lace and costly plumes—I'll soon win the hand of some handsome young damsel of high birth. Haw! haw! I'll buy a title—Chevalier Schwartz! Count Rudolph de Schwartz? No—I must sink all that smacks of the past. I must select a new name. I'll be as pains in the selecting. I'll have houses, farms, what not. By my faith, since I have a notable voice, I'll have a singing-master, that I may learn how to serenade the lady that may suit my fancy."

Highly pleased with this idea, he began to howl a most sentimental melody, which so affrighted or disgusted the mule that the sensible animal began to bray, and lashed out his heels at the disturber of his feast of oats.

"Mules! I'll have no animals so base!" growled Schwartz, contemptuously. "Nothing less than barbs of Araby will serve my taste. Now here returns the yellow-haired Ulgiha, who thinks she is to share my jewels and be a countess! Why, I'd not give her the honour of being in my kitchen! Ha! she has the bag of gems in her hand. Shall I break her neck with a blow, fling the lad, fire the inn, and be off at once? No—wait until after midnight. My horse will be rested by that time, and the mule too. I'll lead the mule, and sell him in Koridam. It is a valuable animal. Ha! So you have returned with the jewels, Ulgiha?" he added aloud, with a cheery haw! haw! as his yellow-haired wife came up.

"Yes; that is your share."

"Eh! My share!" muttered Schwartz as he received the bag from her hand. "What do you mean by my share?"

"Your share is half."

"Half!" roared he, glaring at her.

"Certainly. I am your wife."

"Ho! So you are afraid to trust your half, as you call it, to me?" sneered he as he examined the contents of the bag she had given him. "Where are the rest?"

"I have them hidden. I have been thinking while you were away. Now think, could I not have run away with all the jewels while you were gone, and left you not one?"

"So you could, and the thought has made me dreadfully uneasy in mind, Ulgiha."

"Then you have thought of doing the same thing," said she, promptly. "I knew you were. You are

too rich now to be honest, even to me, you traitor. You meant to get all the gems back again, and to leave me. You had not had time to realise all you could do with so much wealth, when you gave the gems to me to keep for you. You have had time since. As soon as I caught your eye when you came back just now with the boy I saw that you meant treachery to me. So now you have half of the gems; and but for the situation of the poor lady, I would have run away with all of them. Somehow her gentleness has softened me."

"Oh, has it?" answered Schwartz, whose eyes were red-hot with restrained wrath.

"Yes, it has; and I am sorry I sold her child away."

"Oh!" growled Schwartz, staring at her in wonder and rage.

"I am," she said. "Keep away, man. I am knife in hand, and if not as strong as you, I am twice as active."

Schwartz had made a step towards her. He halted as she confronted him defiantly with a naked formidable blade. He knew she was no coward in using weapons.

"You are sorry you sold her child?" he said. "I suppose you have told her all about it?"

"No. Since she believes the tale I first told her, and since the child is gone, why vex her mind about it? She believes the child is dead, and at rest. But I wish we had not done it. I have talked a great deal with her, and somehow I am sorry that I ever did anything to anybody not right—not right according to her views. But that can't be helped now. I have given you half of the gems; I might have fled with all if I liked, as you meant to do—after murdering me, perhaps. But if I had, you would have murdered the poor lady and the lad."

"Now this is a miracle!" exclaimed the amazed Schwartz, staring at Ulgiha. "Maybe you'd like to be a nun."

"I wish I had been. I was not bad until you robbers of the forest captured me, and made me ashamed ever to leave the forest. But you made me worse than all, for you found a poor priest to marry us—I was younger and handsomer then—so that none of your robber companions should dare molest your wife!"

"If you've turned religious," said Schwartz, "why do you keep half of the gems?"

"I haven't turned religious," retorted Ulgiha. "I wish I could, if I could be happy. You have half—more than enough to make you as rich as the richest. I mean to keep the other half. I don't know what I shall do with it yet. Perhaps I may give it all to the poor lady when we are away from this forest."

"We! Who?"

"The lady and I and the bright-eyed boy."

"What about me?"

"You may go where you please, so I may never see or hear of you again, Rudolph Schwartz. You dare not try to detain us by betraying us to the Riders; for, if you do, I will betray you. Sir Fritz would soon have you roasted for—"

"Sir Fritz is dead."

"Well, the other Riders would. Baron Hermann would torture you to death, and the death he would give would be very slow in coming."

"Ulgiha," said Schwartz, "that sick woman has been talking more than piety to you to change you in this way."

"So she has, and that is not for you to know," said Ulgiha. "She has said things that brought the past all before me—the bright past that was, before I fell into the hands of your robbers of this forest. I am going to leave the place. I wish she was able to travel this hour, so that we might depart."

"You are going to desert your husband?"

"My husband!" replied Ulgiha, with a wild laugh of scorn.

"You've sprung this thing on me very suddenly," he growled, thinking more of the missing gems than of anything else.

"Not more suddenly than you intended to spring on me to be my death, perhaps; or to run away and leave me here, after you had gotten the gems again. I have long made up my mind, if I have acted suddenly upon it. So you and I are to separate."

"She must have told you something wonderful. I'd give a deal to know what it was."

"You sha'n't know, so now go away."

"Go away! You would turn me out of my own house!"

"No; you may live here all your life, if you like, after we are gone; but while we are here I don't want to see any more of you. As I told you, the lady will be able to travel within ten days, or two weeks at most. You can go away, and come back at the end of that time, if you like. I don't think the old house will be worth a straw to you when I am no longer in it. You are too rich now to care for the miserable inn. You intended to leave it. Besides, he that took the child—you say he is Sir David Or-

leton—threatened to burn the place down if he found we were living in it after a certain time, and you say he is a man of his word."

"But you have all my savings—my gold. I suppose I am to leave that too?"

"No—only half," replied Ulgiha as she drew a small but well-filled leathern bag from her bosom and threw it at his feet. "I have made an equal division, and there is your half. It is all in gold, and easily reckoned. So count it; you know to a farthing how much there was in all."

Schwartz very deliberately counted over the gold, and found it all right.

"I'll agree to what you say," he growled, "and go at once."

"You are not to take the horse, nor the mule. We shall need them to journey on. You may steal them, but if you do I'll tell Baron Hermann that you have the jewels of the diamond merchant, and the old baron will hunt you down before you can get to France."

Schwartz laid his hand on the hilt of his dagger and moved a step towards her. She did not retreat, but made a step to meet his threatened attack, saying:

"Draw it, and I fly at you! I can strike three blows to your one, and the point of my knife is poisoned. So fight, if you like. I'd rather have a bout with you than not. You and others like you made me what I am. You threw me down the other day, and threatened to kill me, when we were opening the package of gems. I have been thinking of that, too, and know that you wish to be rid of me, and intend to be rid of me. So I have met you half-way, and am ready to make a fight for my life, or willing to let you go your way, if you will let me go mine."

Schwartz had always stood much in fear of his wife, only forgetting that awe in some sudden burst of rage, which had not always resulted to his advantage. So now, as she confronted him with a face of fury and hate, with her long right arm bared to the shoulder, her hand clutching a keen-pointed, long, broad-bladed knife, a blade venomous as he knew Ulgiha could poison a blade, he recoiled from beginning a combat in which he was sure at least to be wounded.

He was a coward at heart, too, dealing only in treacherous and unexpected stabs or blows—as he had with the deceived Hansfelt. Besides, he wished to get the other half of the gems, and feared that a scratch from Ulgiha's knife would end all his dreams of revelry.

He was greatly amazed at such a reception, though she had simply, and by instinct as it were, made ready to defend her life against the attack he had intended. She knew his nature better than he had known hers, and, having concluded that he had it in mind to secure all the gems, and either slay or desert her, she had determined to anticipate his treachery.

She had had it in mind to keep all the jewels herself and fly with them; but reflection had warned her that in that case he would reveal to the Riders that she had fled with the wealth of the diamond merchant, and so eager a pursuit would be made that final escape would hardly be probable, or even possible.

There were reasons, too, which are to be related hereafter, that had determined her not to desert Lady Louise and the boy Ernest. Therefore she had resolved to bring about a peaceful separation for ever from Rudolph Schwartz, if she could, by giving him back one half of the supposed gems and the joint hoardings of herself and Rudolph.

He would not then dare betray her, knowing that she would betray him in return.

She knew, also, that Rudolph might pretend to go away, but lurk about to find a chance to take vengeance upon her for keeping half of what he called his, but she had resolved to take that risk, and to thwart all such attempts by her vigilance. The farther she kept him off the safer she should be, and therefore she made the declaration of total separation as soon as possible.

"Well," said Schwartz, after glaring at her for a moment, and seeing nothing but a desire for his injury in her face, "since we are to part, why, have it all your own way. You won't gain by it, for I intended to make a great lady of you. To tell the truth, I'm glad to be rid of you. Now hereafter, if you chance to go to France, and get your stealings lost or frittered away, don't hunt me up and ask me to be your husband again. Don't!"

"No fear of that!" cried Ulgiha, flashing her eyes at him.

"If you go to France you may some day see a great lord, blazing in riches, and with a train of fair ladies smiling and cooing round him. That'll be me! Don't you come up and claim acquaintance, even as a beggar, for if you do I'll have you ducked in a mud puddle by my numerous and obedient servants—all of whom are to wear velvet and feathers."

"Have no fear that I shall ever go within a hundred leagues of where I may suspect you may be."

"Then if you see me a great lord, with a beautiful, high-born lady buzzing about me like a butterfly or a humming-bird around a sweet flower," continued the imaginative Rudolph, "you'll know she's my bride, bought and paid for. Then don't you come near, for if you do I'll say you are a crazy great-grandmother of mine, and have you looked up where you can't see daylight once in six weeks."

With which speech, Schwartz turned on his heel and stalked away towards the forest, going towards the ravine.

Ulgiha gazed after him until his tall, ungainly figure was shut from her view, then returned into the house, muttering:

"I am well rid of you—if this is the last I shall ever see of you or hear of you again—but I have a suspicion you are in no hurry to start for France."

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

No sooner had Ulgiha entered the "Iron Hand" inn than she closed its doors and began to secure all its fastenings.

To explain her resolution not to abandon Lady Van De Veer it is necessary to go back to the time when that lady's consciousness returned to her. This happened on the morning after the night which saw Rudolph Schwartz set forth for the abode of Hansfelt to bring back the kidnapped Ernest.

Ulgiha had entered Lady Van De Veer's room just after completing a false grave, as she had told Rudolph she intended to do.

It was while busy at that task that she had almost resolved to desert the inn, and fly with all the supposed gems and her hoardings to Zweibrücken, and thence to some far-off foreign country, where, under a new name, her imagined vast wealth would enable her to live in splendour.

Visions of pleasure and greatness, very similar to those we have intimated as being in the mind of Rudolph, flamed in her prospects; and at one time she threw down the spade with which she was digging, and said:

"What a foolish woman I am to be losing time! Rudolph will be back to-night, and since I have thought the matter over these weeks, I am very sure he will leave me to shift for myself if I give him the gems again. In truth, when we first had the jewels we should have left the forest, only he said we might be suspected and followed; then there was that affair on our hands of providing a babe for Sir David. But that I like the boy, and fear Rudolph means to harm him, I might have gone away. Then the poor woman, too, so gentle and patient. Somehow I couldn't desert her. But since I have heard Rudolph muttering in his sleep of what he intends and hopes to do when he leaves the forest—he often muttered something about getting rid of me—I have made up my mind to go my way and let him take care of himself. I've had enough of him, and he means treachery—perhaps murder. But if I go and leave him nothing, he will raise a pursuit after me, which I cannot escape. He'll do it for revenge. Well, I'll finish this work, and think over the matter while I work."

The little grave completed to her satisfaction, she returned to the inn, and went into Lady Van De Veer's room.

A glance at the lady's face told her that the mind of the invalid was in full power again.

"The child?" was the first inquiry of Lady Louise, as Ulgiha approached.

The question did not at all startle Ulgiha, for she expected such would be the first inquiry made by the mother on regaining a consciousness that had been lost for days.

But the language in which the question was put amazed Ulgiha. Lady Louise had spoken in English, the tongue spoken in England in the fourteenth century—the language of Ulgiha's native land, which she had not used nor heard spoken for many a year. Hitherto Lady Louise had spoken only in French or German. Of French Ulgiha knew nothing, though her husband did, as he was a native of France.

For the first time Lady Louise spoke in English, something which she had not done even in the mild delirium brought upon her by the decoctions of Ulgiha.

"My child!" repeated Lady Louise, in German, as Ulgiha stared at her. "Where is it?"

"Oh, my dear lady!" replied Ulgiha in English, delighted to use her native tongue, "I am so glad to see you so well! You have been very ill, and while you were too ill to know anything an angel from Heaven came and bore the little cherub to the skies."

"Ah! it is dead?" asked the poor lady, with a wail of anguish that made Ulgiha's heart shrink and flutter.

"Yes, my lady; it died two days ago, and alas!



I have just buried its dear little body. It was a little boy, my lady, and didn't live an hour." "The will of Heaven be done!" sighed Lady Louise as tears welled from her eyes. "Where is my son Ernest?"

"Oh, my lady, don't you remember? He went away with my husband to fetch a doctor."

"True; I remember now. It seems very long ago. Has he returned?"

"He'll be back to-night, my lady. Yes, my lady, the little babe is far better off now than it would have been if it had lived to battle with the cares of this wicked world."

A long silence followed, Lady Louise being of too gentle and resigned a character to give way to violent grief—especially over a babe she had no recollection of ever having seen.

It was all a dark and unpleasant dream to her, and her mind was tortured more at that moment with anxiety for the welfare of her husband, whom she believed was either very ill at Zweisbrudden, or wildly lamenting her supposed loss if he had reached Spargburg and heard of her departure. Perhaps, too, he was dead; and what was the loss of a new-born babe which she had never seen to the loss of a husband dearer to her than life—a husband who adored her?

"Uglitha," she said, after a long silence, "you are not deceiving me?"

"In what, my lady?" exclaimed Uglitha, startled, and imagining she was speaking of the missing babe.

"My boy, Ernest, will be back to-night?"

"That you may rely upon, my lady, or by to-morrow morning early," replied Uglitha, promptly. "Well and hearty."

"His father loves the boy, and so do I, though he is my husband's child and not mine. I pray no harm may come to him."

"No fear of that, my lady, for I love that handsome boy too, and I am very sure my husband will see that no harm befalls the lad."

"You are speaking English, Uglitha, and like an Englishwoman," said Lady Louise, remarking the fact for the first time.

"Ah, my lady, so do you, though you speak German too, with a little accent which I think is French."

"I was born in England, Uglitha, and lived there in my girlhood. After that I lived in France, where I also learned to speak German; yet English is my native tongue. Dear England!"

"Oh! oh! dear England," repeated Uglitha, suddenly doing a thing she had not done for years—a thing no one, looking into her hard, ugly, passion-scorched face, could imagine she could do.

She began to weep bitterly!

The long-unheard sound of her mother-tongue, the language she had learned when a weeping child, the language in which she had been taught by a mother's lips and a father's voice, the language of her bright, innocent girlhood, in which she had been wooed and won by a lover she had never forgotten—this crying out so pitifully from the pale lips of the lady she was betraying, "Dear England!" swept the heart and mind of Uglitha straight from the forest to the home of her father and mother; and, falling on her knees, she bowed her tangled hair to the floor and wept as if her heart was breaking.

Lady Louise gazed at her wonderingly, knowing, however, that this outburst of anguish of soul was because Uglitha was thinking of "the merrie England" in which her happiest days had doubtless been spent.

(To be continued.)

**THE BARONY OF WARKWORTH.**—The infant son of Earl Percy is the only one of his house that has been born Lord Warkworth. The first bearer of the title was Algernon Seymour, who was the son of Elizabetha, Baroness Percy, daughter of Josceline Percy, eleventh Earl of Northumberland. He succeeded his father as Duke of Somerset, and was created Baron Warkworth and Earl of Northumberland in 1750. His daughter and heiress, Elizabeth Seymour, married Sir Hugh Smithson, who succeeded as Baron Warkworth and Earl of Northumberland, and was created Duke of Northumberland in 1766; but the first who bore the courtesy title was the present Earl Percy, whose majority as Lord Warkworth was celebrated with so much splendour nearly four years ago, as the third and fourth dukes had no children; and it was not till the present duke became Earl Percy on his father's accession to the dukedom, that his son succeeded to the title of Baron Warkworth. The title is taken from the town and castle of Warkworth, about a mile from the mouth of the Coquet and eight miles from Alnwick. This castle has been in the possession of the Percys since 1331. The splendid keep, whose ruins form one of the most romantic spots in the north, was built by the second Earl of Northumberland,

who was the son of Hotspur, and the hero of the battle of Chevy Chase. The famous hermitage where Edwin revealed himself to Emma attracts in summer thousands of visitors to Warkworth. When Leland wrote his "Itinerary" it was in thorough repair, but at the time the Percy family were under attainder it fell into decay.

## TRESSILIAN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A Life at Stake," "The House of Secrets," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XI.

MR. DEVEREUX GOWER adhered to his resolution to visit the supposed Jasper Lowder at the Vicini cottage, and accordingly, soon after breakfast on the morning succeeding his discovery of the supposed Jasper's presence on the island, ordered his carriage to be brought round to the door.

Olla hastened to her own room, to attire herself for the proposed excursion. As she was only going to visit an "idiot," it was singular that she took pains to attire herself in her prettiest and most becoming costume—one of garnet velvet, of which the jaunty basque was trimmed with grebe. A coquettish little grebe hat was perched above her forehead, resting lightly upon her jetty tresses, and shading softly the little, dark, bright face, all aglow with animation.

Mr. Gower looked at her sharply as she came flitting down the stairs, followed by the soberly dressed Mrs. Popley, and he said, in a sarcastic voice:

"It was not necessary to take such pains to render yourself beautiful in my eyes, Olla. It cannot be that you are such a desperate little coquette as to desire the admiration of a pauper idiot?"

Olla's face flushed angrily, and she made no response, hurrying out to the carriage.

Popley, who was at the carriage door, handed in his young mistress, who was closely followed by Mrs. Popley.

Mr. Gower then took possession of the opposite seat, the Sicilian coachman and Krigger mounted the box, Popley sprang up behind, in accordance with his resolution not to lose sight of his young mistress when she was absent from home with her guardian, and the carriage moved slowly out of the villa grounds.

The drive was very pleasant in the soft, mild, crisp air, with frequent glimpses of the sea through orange and almond groves, with the murmur of the waves and the rustling of the winds. They passed a hamlet or two of miserable little cottages, passed thrifty vineyards already stripped of their fruits, passed wayside shrines, and groups of dark-eyed, picturesque peasants, who smiled and bowed with a courtesy which Mr. Gower might well have copied.

But that gentleman only scowled, and muttered "peste!" when the humble country people thus forced themselves upon his notice. He seemed to desire to be left alone with his own thoughts, and that these were not pleasant was attested by his contracted forehead, his haggard eyes, and the lines about his sensual mouth.

"He could not have slept well last night," thought Olla. "He has nothing in the present to trouble him. Then what memory of the past could have kept him awake? Surely it was not the story of poor young Jasper Lowder? Yet his agitation on hearing that name last night told that he had heard it before. What is Jasper Lowder to him, or he to Jasper Lowder?"

She was still intently pondering the question, when the carriage came to a halt at the foot of the bluff upon which the Vicini cottage was situated.

Krigger leaped from the box and opened the carriage door.

"It will be necessary to climb up, Mr. Gower," he said. "There is no road up the rock."

Mr. Gower surveyed the bluff. He did not like personal exertion much better than did Krigger, but seeing in this case that it was inevitable, he alighted and gave his hand to Olla. Lightly touching it, the girl sprang out upon the ground, and ran on up the ascent.

The others followed more leisurely.

On reaching the top of the bluff Olla looked around her, half in the expectation of seeing Guy perched upon the rock, as on the previous day. But he was not there.

The windows and doors of the cottage were open, and the voice of Mrs. Vicini as she sang at her work floated out to the ears of the young girl.

Olla approached the little vine-arched door and knocked upon it.

Mrs. Vicini obeyed the summons at once, and her wholesome, comely face brightened as she beheld and recognised the beautiful young visitor of the day before.

"Good-morning, signorina," she cried, smiling. "I

did not expect that you would come so soon again. Will you enter?"

"Thank you, no, signora," said Olla. "My guardian is with me. That is he on the top of the bluff. I told him last evening of your unfortunate young charge, and he is greatly interested in him. He has called with me to see him."

"Ah, that is kind!" said Mrs. Vicini. "But," she added, doubtfully, "perhaps I ought not to show the poor young Inglesse to so many strangers. The rich Sir Tresolino said that we must keep his friend in perfect quiet and seclusion. The excitement of seeing so many strangers may hurt him—may make him savage, you know, signorina, though now he is as gentle as a lamb."

"I shall come alone hereafter, signora," said Olla, "but I know you will not refuse to let us see him this morning. Where is he?"

The question was answered by the appearance of Guy himself, who came slowly round the angle of the house, his arms folded across his chest, his head drooping.

At the same moment that Olla saw him, he raised his head and beheld the slight, graceful figure on the door-step. It was evident at a glance that he recognised her as his visitor of the previous day. His pale face flushed, his sorrowful eyes lighted up with a sudden joy, and a radiant smile quivered over his sad mouth.

He approached her thus, beaming with delight.

"Beautiful lady come again," he said, in his low, rich voice, freighted heavily with a sort of despairing expression. "Come to stay?"

It was at this juncture that Mr. Gower came up and stood beside the young pair.

"Humph!" he said. "He doesn't look like an idiot, and he doesn't talk like an idiot. Let me speak to him."

He moved nearer to Guy, who turned his gaze upon him, and as he did so all the light, joy, and gladness died out of poor Tressilian's face.

The proud and haughty countenance of Olla's guardian suddenly paled. His features were convulsed with a great agitation. He turned away to conquer his emotion.

The servants, with the exception of Mrs. Popley, were all in the background. Mrs. Vicini withdrew into the cottage, intent on selecting a few of her best grapes for Olla, and only the maiden and Mrs. Popley stood near to witness Mr. Gower's singular excitement.

Conquering himself after a little, Mr. Gower ventured to look again at the now blank, unsmiling face of Tressilian.

"How he has changed!" he muttered. "Yet he has something of the old look. His eyes, his hair, his complexion, are nearly the same, only time has given a richer tint to all three. What a glorious fellow he must have been before he was thus stricken down! I never dreamed he would have made the man he must have been before this accident. He would have been a son of whom any father might be proud."

He walked away to the edge of the bluff, where he stood in apparent contemplation of the sea. Presently he came back, a grayish pallor settling over his usually ruddy face, and approached Tressilian, taking in his one of Guy's limp, white hands.

"Jasper!" he said to him, in a clear, distinct voice; "Jasper!"

But Tressilian gently drew away his hand, betraying no remembrance of the name by which he was addressed.

"Yes, his mind is gone!" sighed Mr. Gower, his strange pallor, so like that of the previous evening, deepening. "He's like a block, or stone, or other mindless object, only endowed with life! I cannot bear to look at him, Olla, and see the wreck he is. Take him away to the edge of the bluff, while I go in and question this poor peasant woman. I would like to hear his history from her lips."

Mr. Gower went into the cottage, and Olla, obeying his injunction, took the hand of Tressilian and led him out to the rocks piled on the edge of the bluff. Here the two sat down, Mrs. Popley standing at a little distance.

Tressilian's eyes rested upon the lovely young girl in an expression of intense adoration, such as a devotee might give to the shrine of his patron saint. The soft, shy smile crept back to his lips, but he did not again speak.

Olla was also silent for a little, thinking how she could best cheer this strangely isolated being at her side. An inspiration came to her. She had a voice of rare sweetness, beauty, and power—a voice which had been well cultivated, and had won her many social triumphs. She would try its power on Tressilian.

"If he is insensible to music," she thought, "I will believe there is no hope for him. But if he shows the faintest sign of sensibility, I shall know that

there is within him still a spark of the godlike fire—a spark which may perhaps be fanned into a flame."

In a low, sweet, tremulous voice, but with eager eyes watching Tressilian's impassable countenance, she began to sing the words of a quaint old Scotch ballad—words wedded to a tune equally quaint, but tender and softly throbbing, like soft musical pulses.

For a little while Tressilian looked at her vacantly, with sad, sphinx-like eyes. But it so happened that the song was one he had often heard in his English home, and one that he had loved often to sing during his residence abroad, as reminding him of his loved ones. Perhaps it stirred within his injured, benumbed brain some palsied chord of association, for he began to move uneasily, and at last to watch the young songstress with an eager look.

As she proceeded, half-hopeful, half-fearing, his look became a fascinated gaze, and finally his features worked in a pained, bewildered expression, and tears—the first he had shed since his accident—surged into his eyes and dropped slowly down his pallid cheeks.

Olla's heart filled with a great joy.

Tressilian had betrayed even more sensibility than she had hoped for, and also said in her own heart, with a jubilant thrill:

"I will not believe that he cannot be saved yet. His mind is paralyzed, not dead. If there is any hope for him he shall be saved!"

As quickly as the song died out on the air, as quickly vanished its impression upon poor Guy. The vague pain left his face, and he was as impassive as before.

Olla was busy with her reflections and resolves, when Mr. Gower came out of the cottage, accompanied by Mrs. Vicini, who carried in her hand a small basket of grapes.

"Well, Olla," said her guardian, confronting her with a weary face, whose troubled expression was strange upon the countenance of the wealthy Sybarite, "I have heard this good woman's story about this—this young man. It is a most harrowing case. His employer, whom she calls Sir Tressilino, and whose name I can't make out, has acted in the most generous and praiseworthy manner. He has provided for Lowder very liberally. The—the young fellow resembles the lady I once knew, and of whom I told you," and Mr. Gower's features seemed to grow more rigid; "so I should like to hear the doctor's opinion of the lad myself."

"Why don't you send for the doctor, then?" asked Olla.

"The very thing I intend to do. It seems that these people and 'Sir Tressilino' called in the best doctor in all Sicily, the famous Italian doctor, Spezzo. Doctor Spezzo lives near our Villa Bella Vista, in a pretty, low villa—the white one—in the midst of an orange grove, which we passed on the way here. He has also a house in Palermo, but likes his country residence best, and spends much time at it. Mrs. Vicini says this is his day to be at the Villa Triolo, and I will send for him immediately. Krigger!"

Krigger, who was lounging on the side of the bluff, made haste to obey his master's call.

"Krigger," said Mr. Gower, "go down to the carriage and bid the coachman drive to Doctor Spezzo's. The fellow is a Sicilian, and knows this neighbourhood well, which was one of his recommendations to me. Go with him. Ask Doctor Spezzo to come up to the Vicini cottage, and bring him with you. Be off!"

Krigger hurried away on his errand.

He was a fellow of German nationality whom Mr. Gower had picked up, years before, somewhere on the Continent, and attached to his service. He had been a valet, a courier, a maître d'hôtel, and had filled other offices in his time. In the course of his duties as courier he had picked up a smattering of the various Continental languages—which knowledge was duly considered in his bargain with Mr. Gower, and as duly paid for. He was, in short, a ready-witted, cool-headed, unscrupulous person, who had made himself necessary to his master.

He descended the bluff, mounted the box with the driver, and the two drove away down the road they had come.

Mr. Gower watched them out of sight, then brought back his glances to his companions.

"I thought I would make this matter sure, beyond the shadow of a doubt, Olla," he said, still with the troubled look of which he could not so soon rid himself. "But I have no hope—no hope!"

Olla looked up into her guardian's face and said, abruptly:

"Mr. Gower, is this young man anything to you?"

Mr. Gower started, his face becoming livid.

"What a strange question!" he stammered. "Anything to me? You are talking wildly, Olla. Do not give utterance to such folly again. How should he be anything to me?" he demanded, emphatically.

"I don't know," answered Olla; "but your man-

ner is strange, and your emotion very remarkable if Mr. Lowder is a stranger to you. I—I fancied he might be your nephew—"

Mr. Gower sneered.

"I had no sister," he said. "My only brother died unmarried. You had better set your romantic fancies to work in some other direction."

"He can't be your son!" hazarded Olla, coolly, "for you married Lady Feodora Welby thirteen years ago, and she died, leaving no children. You had no wife before you married Lady Feodora, had you? I have always heard that you were a bachelor!"

If a look could have killed the audacious young girl, the look that blazed in Gower's eyes at that instant might have accomplished her destruction. It was so wrathful, so horrified, so vindictive, that even brave little Olla recoiled before it.

"Do you mean to insult me?" he hissed, between his clinched teeth. "You know well that I was a bachelor, that I lived in chambers at the west-end for many years before inheriting my family estates, and that the only woman who ever had the honor of receiving my attentions was Lady Feodora Welby, who subsequently became my wife. You may be sure, if I had been married, Lady Feodora would have fathomed the secret, for she was one of the most jealous, exacting, suspicious women in existence!"

Olla shrank back appalled before the storm her careless words had raised.

Mr. Gower strode moodily up and down the sterile surface of the bluff, his gloomy eyes watching the road on the plain below by which he expected the coming of Doctor Spezzo.

"What could have possessed me to ask him such a preposterous question?" thought Olla. "How like a demon he looked at me! No wonder he is angry, though. Mr. Lowder looks as unlike him as an angel is unlike a demon! They have not the same blood in their veins. They are not even remote kinsmen. The mystery—for I am more than ever convinced that there is a mystery about Jasper Lowder, and a mystery in Mr. Gower's past life—has a different meaning from any I have guessed. I don't think I will trouble myself about it, however."

Tressilian, looking at her with sad intentions, took her small hand in his. They were sitting thus when Mr. Gower's keen glances detected the return of his carriage.

It drew up to its former halting-place at the foot of the bluff, and the wiry figure of Doctor Spezzo leaped out, and hurriedly commenced the ascent of the hill.

Mr. Gower went to meet him.

Presently the two appeared, conversing in low tones together. Olla gently with her hand from Tressilian's, but did not leave his side.

Doctor Spezzo made a very low bow to Olla, as Mr. Gower presented him, and the latter then said, briskly:

"Now, doctor, for your final opinion of this young man's injuries. Understand that he is nothing to me. My ward discovered him yesterday in the course of her rambles, and, full of womanly pity, begged me to come and see him. Can anything be done for him? That is the question."

"I have not seen him for a week," said the doctor, gravely, "but I do not think there is ground for a change of opinion. Signora," he added, turning to Mrs. Vicini, "you have carried out all my instructions in regard to the bandages and lotions?"

"Yes, signora," said the comely peasant woman. "I have done everything as you ordered."

"Very well," said the doctor. Then he turned to Mr. Gower, adding, "Permit me to explain the nature of this young man's injuries, or, better still, I will show you the injury itself. If you have the least knowledge of anatomy, signora, you will see how utterly impossible it is that he should ever recover. The brain—that delicate organ—is irretrievably injured."

He went to Guy, and, with gentle touch, proceeded to unbind the bandages, remove the plaster, and lay bare to Mr. Gower's eyes the gaping, hideous wound in the skull. Tressilian submitted with a rare patience. Olla covered her face with her hands. Mr. Gower turned faint with the horror of the sight.

"Cover it up," he said. "I can see for myself that his recovery is impossible."

The doctor proceeded to bind up the wound. As he proceeded with his task Olla looked up and said:

"Are you sure, doctor, that there is no hope? I sang to him a little while since, and as he listened to me the tears came to his eyes."

"I can well imagine that a plaintive song sung by the signora would bring tears to the eyes of even this poor fellow," responded the doctor, gallantly. "But, alas! the tears prove nothing. A yawn would produce tears—pardon me, charming signora. I do not mean that even this unfortunate would have so little wit as to yawn when you are singing, but I

meant to show how easy it is to seem to weep. You pity this noble-looking countryman of yours. You grieve at his hard fate. But as he is only a stranger to you, you will not suffer deeply if I repeat to you what I have already told the Signora Vicini—there is no hope of his recovery."

Olla felt as if a blow had been dealt her. All her air-castles tumbled to the earth.

"He is, in short, hopelessly an idiot?" cried Mr. Gower, harshly, and with a strange ghastliness.

"You have said it, signora."

Mr. Gower forced a galvanic sort of smile to his lips.

"There is nothing more to be said. The interesting youth must be left to live out his animal existence here, and to die here. Permit me to pay you for your trouble, doctor. I have taken only a humanitarian interest in the case. I repeat that the young man is nothing to me. Krigger, escort the learned doctor to the carriage. When you shall have taken him home, return for us."

The doctor made his adieu, and departed.

Mr. Gower looked after him, muttering:

"So this matter is ended. If I had known—but it is now for ever too late. I would never burden myself with the care and support of an idiot. It is a strange fatality that brought both Jasper and me here. It is a strange fatality that wrecked his life at his beginning!"

He remained moody and gloomy, apart from the others, until the carriage again returned. Meanwhile Mrs. Vicini bestowed her gift of grapes upon Olla, who thanked her warmly, and promised to call daily to see Tressilian.

"Come, Olla," said her guardian as Mrs. Popley and her son commenced the descent of the hill. "It is time to be going."

Olla arose, as did Tressilian. The yearning, wistful look returned to his face as he entrained her to stay, and Mrs. Vicini was forced to lead him into the cottage, lest he should attempt to follow the young girl.

Olla slowly went down the hill with her guardian. Half way down he passed, turning his ghastly face towards her.

"One moment, Olla," he said. "The young man up there is the same as dead. He is dead, even while living; I wish, therefore, to repeat to you what I said last night. You are free to visit him when you choose, to carry him dainties, to sing to him, or to provide for his comfort. I shall never look upon his face again. It is to me like looking into an open grave. I repeat also to you my stern command, that you never mention his name to me, that you never allude to him in my presence, and that you never permit him to come to the villa. So far as I am concerned he is dead!"

Olla signified that she would respect his wishes, and Mr. Gower walked on, but with the feeble, uncertain gait of one who has just been through a terrible illness. Olla followed him, grave and sorrowful, with a heavy shadow resting upon her spirits.

## CHAPTER XII.

SOME three days after the receipt of Lowder's letter, dated at Marseilles, Sir Arthur received Lowder's telegram dated at Paris, signed "Guy Tressilian," stating that the traveller was about to start for England, and would arrive at Gloucester at about noon on the following day, at which place he expected the Tressilian carriage to meet him.

A joyful excitement pervading every nook and corner of the grand old quadrangular mansion, was inaugurated as soon as the contents of the telegram were made known. The glad news of the expected return of the heir of Tressilian Court spread to the little village of Arleigh, not a mile away, and the rejoicing there was also great and genuine, for Sir Arthur was the hereditary owner and landlord of two-thirds of Arleigh, and he was very popular among his tenantry.

A great deal of speculation ensued in the little parlour of the "Tressilian Arms" at Arleigh as to whether a foreign education and foreign travel had or had not spoiled the young heir, whom every one remembered as a roguish lad, full of wild pranks and mischievous ways, but withal the most noble, generous, and high-spirited of boys, as every one averred. Would he come back the same simple-minded, upright, truthful, honest fellow as he used to be? Was a question that agitated many of Sir Arthur's tenantry and humble friends, as well as Sir Arthur himself.

The morning of the happy day of the expected arrival dawned at last.

It was a dull November morning, with wild winds and sunless, sombre aspect. The great trees in the park bowed their heads before the resistless gale, the river was in commotion, fretting at its bounds, and nature seemed in one of her most sullen moods. But within the Court all was gladness and ex-



ement. The carriage had been sent to Gloucester to meet the supposed returning heir. Sir Arthur wandered in and out of the rooms, restless and happy, his presentiment of coming evil having vanished.

Fires were being kindled in long-unused apartments; the dining-room was being wreathed about with branches of evergreen, that gave it a festive, holiday appearance; and the long-closed rooms of poor Guy were being warmed and aired for the expected occupancy.

The portly butler, rosy with delight, issued important but frequently contradictory orders from his cabinet, and the equally portly housekeeper bustled through the halls and corridors with sharp eyes and busy tongue, looking after the proceedings of busy housemaids.

The drawing-room was under the especial supervision of Sir Arthur's ward, who had rifled the conservatories and green-houses of their most brilliant gems, and had massed in charming profusion a perfect galaxy of flowers in vases and other appropriate receptacles. The grand old room was like a fairy scene, and Blanche, in her childlike loveliness, looked as a queen fairy might be supposed to look.

At about twelve o'clock a great calm settled down within the mansion. The preparations were all completed. A genial heat pervaded the entire dwelling. The breath of odorous blossoms perfumed the air.

Well pleased with the effect, the baronet and Blanche retired to their several apartments, to attire themselves for the anticipated meeting.

Sir Arthur's simple toilette was soon made, and in a black dress suit he returned to the drawing-room to wait for the coming of his son.

But the task of Blanche was more difficult. She surveyed her simple wardrobe again and again with dissatisfied eyes, wondering whether Guy preferred white to blue, and if he would be pleased with her appearance in rose-colour.

"I want to look my very best to-day of all others," she thought, with a shy smile and a charming blush. "I wonder if he will like me? Or will I seem like an ignorant little country girl beside the beautiful and stately ladies he has seen? They say everything depends upon a first impression."

Her maid, a rosy-cheeked English girl named Cressy, who had lived in the Trevelian family since her childhood, having been a *protégée* of the housekeeper until promoted to her present position of lady's-maid to the young heiress, distinctly remembered the boy Guy, and solved the difficulty of her mistress by slyly remarking:

"Blue was always Master Guy's favourite colour, Miss Blanche. I notice that fair people mostly take to blue. And he used to wear blue neckties, and once I heard him say, laughing like, to Mrs. Goss, the housekeeper, which she was asking him why he didn't wear some other colour, that 'blue was heaven's own colour.'"

The indecision of Blanche was at an end.

"I think I'll wear blue," she said, with an assumed indifference which did not deceive her honest, faithful-hearted attendant. "Which is my prettiest blue dress, Cressy?"

The dress was soon selected, and Blanche proceeded to attire herself, with Cressy's assistance, in a silken robe of softest, daintiest, purest blue, with a wide ash bird at the back of the slender waist, foam-like lace at the throat and wrists, and azure ribbons filling the golden curls. Finally, with blushes and hesitation, Blanche adorned herself with a set of milk-white pearls, large and pear-shaped, and of superb lustre.

They had been a gift from Guy, bought at Constantinople and sent home by him not long before his tour had terminated so disastrously. Blanche had never worn them, and she put them on now as a shy token to the returning wanderer with more than simple friendship, should he desire more of her.

Her toilette perfected, she rejoined her guardian in the drawing-room. It was now about one o'clock, and a slight bustle began to sound in the great central corridor.

The butler and the housekeeper, without any order having been issued to that effect, had begun to marshal their subordinates into the hall, ranging them against the opposite walls like a new species of wall-flower.

Parment, the butler, in a entaway coat and knee-breeches, headed the row of expectant men.

Mrs. Goss, the housekeeper, whom the worthy Parment had long and unavailingly courted, but whom he hoped yet to win, stood with placid face opposite the butler, at the head of her white-capped row of fluttering housemaids.

The baronet, quite oblivious of the preparations that were being made by his household to appropriately welcome their returning young master from

foreign travels and foreign perils, began to grow restless, and to tremble with suppressed excitement. He walked the room, while Blanche, pale and breathless with expectation, perched herself in a projecting window, and kept eager watch for the return of the carriage.

"Will he never come?" sighed the baronet as the little ormolu clock on the mantel-shelf rang out the half-hour after one. "I told Sylvester not to spare the horses. It is time he was here."

Blanche did not immediately reply. She stood up on her feet upon the wide window-seat, her tiny figure stretched to its utmost height, her gray eyes, glowing and dilating, fixed upon a distant point of the road.

"Oh, guardy! Dear guardy!" she cried, at length, with irrepressible joy. "He's coming! I see the carriage!"

She watched a little longer, her soul in her eyes, until the carriage entered at the lodge gates, then she stole down from her perch and glided out of the room, hastening to the library.

The carriage swept quickly up the broad drive, the triumphant mien of the old family coachman attesting that it had not returned empty.

Sir Arthur, with trembling limbs and wildly throbbing heart, hastened out through the hall to the broad portico, and stood with outstretched arms to welcome his son.

The carriage stopped. The carriage door was opened from within, and a young man sprang out from the vehicle.

This young man was Jasper Lowder.

Faultlessly attired, his slender figure straight as a dart, his face thrown upward as his blue eyes scanned the watcher on the portico, his lips trembling nervously under his moustache, he was very fair and handsome in seeming—only less fair and handsome than the noble heir he had left to languish in a peasant's home in Sicily.

The heart of the pretender for a single instant seemed to stand still within him. He was not certain that the gentleman on the portico was Sir Arthur, whom he had thought older. Then he bounded up the steps with a low exclamation that sounded like a cry of joy, and was clasped to Sir Arthur's arms.

"My son! My son!" cried the baronet, almost sobbing in his joy.

"My dear father!" exclaimed the pretender, with well-feigned filial tenderness. "How I have looked forward to this moment! Your gladness repays me for all my illness, and for that last disaster that so nearly proved fatal to me."

The baronet's heart was too full for further utterance at that moment. All the holiest emotions of a noble father's heart surged within him. He took the young man's arm within his own, gently compelling Lowder to lean upon him, and led him slowly into the hall, where the servants were assembled.

Sir Arthur paused here a moment, as cheer after cheer arose in welcome of the supposed son, and Lowder bowed right and left in acknowledgment of the warmth of his reception. He was cool enough now to take note of the numerous servants, and to form some idea of the magnitude of the establishment. There came a subtle gleam of satisfaction in his eyes as he thought:

"This was Guy Trevelian's home! Poor fellow! What has he not lost? What," he added, exultantly, "have I not gained?"

Sir Arthur led his supposed son between the two ranks of servants into the drawing-room, where he embraced him again and again with fervour.

"My dear son," he said, in a choking voice, "until I received your letter the other day, and learned how very near I had been to losing you, I did not know how dear you were to me! Illness—the old one of long ago—and this recent shipwreck, have changed you, my boy. Stand back and let me look at you!"

He gently put Lowder from him and scrutinised his visage.

It was a terrible ordeal for the usurper. In spite of his efforts to command himself, his cheek paled and his lip trembled anew in the shadow of his fair moustache.

Remembering the actual points of difference between himself and Guy, a horrible fear assailed him that Sir Arthur would detect the cheat. He could not lift to the baronet his downcast eyes, in which he felt were expressed all his horror and terror. A deadly fainting seized him.

But Sir Arthur, unsuspecting of the gigantic fraud being practised upon him, fondly believed all Lowder's pallor and trembling to be caused by the excitement and agitation of meeting. Just as Lowder began to feel that all was lost Sir Arthur exclaimed:

"Yes, you are changed, Guy, but perhaps not more than I expected. You have still something of your mother's look, I think."

It seemed as if a great load were lifted from the heart of Jasper Lowder. He felt that he lived again.

He raised his eyes now to Sir Arthur's in a confident expression.

"Yes, I have changed, father," he said; "and of course you know that the boy you sent away would not return a boy. The years have brought their changes to me. Illness has altered lines; travel and study have changed the old boyish expression. But time has not changed you. Your form is as erect, your hair as dark, and your forehead as smooth, as when I last saw you."

Sir Arthur smiled.

"You did not expect to find me bent and decrepit graybeard at forty-four, I hope, Guy?" he asked.

"No, indeed," said Lowder, colouring, but forcing an answering smile. "I expected to find you what you are, the same handsome father of whom I used to be so proud. I hope you will have as much occasion to be proud of me as I have of you. Ah! It seems sweet to be at home once more."

He sat down in an easy-chair near at hand, and leaned back his head.

"You are looking pale, my boy," said Sir Arthur, in alarm. "This excitement and your journey have been too much for you, in your weak state. Have you suffered much from your shipwreck?"

"Yes, a good deal," said Lowder. "The storm was terrible, and I was hurled against the rocks with such force as almost to crush in my skull. I had a narrow escape from a fate like that of my companion. The doctor warned me that I would feel the effects of my injuries for some time. He fancied it would impair my memory, and my capacity to carry out a train of thought. I think he is right, for I felt myself nearly light-headed yesterday."

"My poor Guy!" breathed the unsuspecting baronet. "We must be careful not to tax your memory or your reasoning powers until you feel yourself quite well again. We may well be thankful that you were spared the fate that overtook your poor friend! What if it had been my son so suddenly struck down into imbecility? I think the blow would have been greater than I could bear," and he shuddered. "We will nurse you tenderly, my boy, and your strength and memory will return together. Ah, Guy, you do not look much like the loving, warm-hearted boy I met from me, but I know from your letters that you have the same heart, the same nature still. It is good to have you home again."

He pressed Lowder's hand warmly.

There were tears in the baronet's eyes, but he brushed them away, and said presently, with a smile:

"How selfish I am, Guy! I quite forgot, in the excitement of seeing you, that there was another who wanted to see you—"

"Another?"

"Yes, little Blanche, you know. Where can she have gone? It was she who spied the carriage first. She must have run away to the library, that we might have our meeting first. I know you are impatient to see her, Guy. I will go for her."

He arose and departed in search of Blanche.

"So far good," muttered Lowder. "I have cheated the father. Now to cheat the 'golden-haired Blanche.' Will she be more suspicious than Sir Arthur? Hark! They come!"

(To be continued.)

#### THE SPIDER DANCE.

AMONG the extraordinary effects that have been ascribed to music, no one has been oftener asserted than of its cure of the poison of the Tarantula spider.

In the northern parts of Italy, sometimes persons are bitten by a Cerye spider called Tarantula. At certain periods of the year the person who has been once bitten feels a pain about the wounded part, which is accompanied with gloomy feelings, etc. If sprightly music is played—and a certain jig called Tarantula is generally played—the patient gets up and begins to dance, with irregular gestures; the quickness of the movement generally increases to a certain degree, and the dance sometimes continues for hours without intermission. At last, the patient, fatigued and exhausted, throws himself down on the floor, or on a bed, to recruit his strength, and the fit is over for the time. The remarkable part is that this exertion of dancing cannot be produced without music.

The true facts are, that the spider is in reality not poisonous, nor is it supposed that it has any share in the illness. The disorder, probably a nervous or hysterical affection, may arise from other causes, especially in a climate like that of Italy. That dance and exertion may bring relief is very probable. But we doubt whether music is indispensably needed. The strange gestures and odd fancies which the patients are supposed to have, are, in all probability, dictated by prejudices, love of singularity, or the desire to create astonishment in the minds of spectators, who are always numerous on such occasions.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MADAME E.—Advertisements of the description sent are not admitted into these columns.

E. H.—If the manuscript be forwarded, it will be perused and receive due attention.

I. M. T.—The manuscript would be purchased if it should be suitable and of sufficient merit.

A. CONSTANT READER (St. Just).—1. The tales have not been separately published. 2. The handwriting is careless.

O. L. A.—Your best course is to get admitted as an out-patient of the hospital for the district in which you reside.

Mrs. J. W. (Boston).—The publication named *LIFE AND FASHION* was incorporated with *THE LONDON READER* some time ago.

H. B. L.—It would be beyond our province to reprint from the Country Directories the required lists of manufacturers.

JEREMY.—You do not require medicine. Reform your habits, and take wholesome food and exercise in moderate quantities at regular hours.

RUFUS.—Since you have doubts about the matter, you should apply to some one of established reputation in your own neighbourhood.

JONES P.—1. The volumes of *THE LONDON READER* are published half-yearly, and are bound in cloth. All the volumes are on sale. 2. Your handwriting is very good.

FORBETH.—Write to the author of your treatise on Photography to the care of his publisher, and enclose a stamped envelope for a reply; or make inquiries at the Mechanics' Institution in your neighbourhood.

WILLIAM B.—Should the parents become chargeable to the parish, the parochial authorities have a claim against a daughter in good circumstances for her parents' support. The daughter is not otherwise necessarily legally liable.

ROBERT M.—The licensing magistrates have only power to refuse the licence at the time it is applied for. The application may be renewed at future sessions, and upon good cause being shown a fresh application would probably meet with success.

J. B. (Stockport).—Our most gracious sovereign Her Majesty the Queen does not amongst her other titles, possess the designation of Empress of India. Her Majesty, however, was proclaimed as Queen of Great Britain, Ireland, and Hindustan in the principal cities of India on the first of November, 1858.

EVELYN.—The cure is to be found in attention to diet and regimen, with appropriate purgative and tonic medicines. No outward application will effect anything more than a partial or temporary relief. Probably the exercise you take is insufficient. Definite remedies can only be prescribed by a medical man who is acquainted with your habits and constitution.

LEWIS S.—As you state that the skins have been in your possession for some time, we take it that they have already undergone treatment by the fur dresser. In this case it is only necessary that they should be placed in a sufficient quantity of mahogany sawdust, which being beaten out, again immersed, then beaten out again, will render the fur glossy and clean. Repeat the process several times; use a small cane and a comb if necessary.

S. K. W.—The paintings must first be most carefully washed with lukewarm water and soap. A very weak solution of soda and water is then used, but the greatest skill is necessary, the object being to remove the excrescences of dirt without touching the colours of the painting. This is afterwards washed with sal volatile. The cleansed picture is then varnished with a fine spirit varnish which the colour warehouse will supply.

JAMES A.—We venture to think that the statement contained in the first two lines of your "Fragment" is not warranted by fact. Nor is this the only fault. Some of the couplets are antithetical, while others are didactic. The closing lines we suppose convey your moral, which is very good, and in itself very well expressed only it is an inconsequent conclusion from what has gone before. The piece, as it stands, betokens a want of grasp, thoroughness, and power.

NANCY.—1. The fact of your having received your letters back through the Post-office, as you state, is indicative of the firm having ceased to exist; for the Post-office would not otherwise write "Cannot be found" upon letters bearing a well-known name. The practical test you have employed decides a question about which, but for your assurance, there might have been a difference of opinion. 2. Mr. Baron Platt has been dead some time,

and has not sat in the Court of Exchequer for many years.

ALICE T. (Liverpool).—In knitting long window curtains coarse knitting pins and cotton should be used. The following is a simple pattern which should be repeated ten times or more, according to the size required. Cast on twenty-five stitches for each pattern. First row: Knit two together, four times; bring the thread forward, knit one, eight times; knit two together, four times; purl one. Repeat. Second row: Purl knitting. Third row: Plain knitting. Fourth row: Purl knitting. Commence again as at first row.

ALEXANDER H.—The description of leeches to which you refer, though used for medical purposes, are not common in England. The green leech is procured from Hungary and other parts of Southern Europe, while the speckled or gray leech is a native of the north. The latter formerly abounded in England, but the drainage of the various ponds and bogs has made it scarce. A large number of leeches are imported from Sweden, Poland, and Hungary. To convert land into bogs and stagnant pools for the breeding of leeches would, we should think, prove a bad speculation.

SAM.—Almost any bookseller will procure you a book on the management of poultry for a shilling. From it you will learn that most of the diseases of fowls arise from damp and cold, and that warmth and sunshine are the best restoratives. Soup, though often applied as a general term to all the diseases of poultry, has been defined to be a catarrh, indicated by watery eyes. The remedy is to wash the eyes with milk and water, to give a peppercorn in dough to impart warmth, and to afterwards administer the fourth of a grain of calomel occasionally. It sometimes happens that the trachea of a fowl is infested by a narrow worm, in which case a feather, stripped for the purpose, must be put down the trachea and turned round, by which means the worm can be taken out.

## YES AND NO.

Had I said "Yes" when I once said "No,"  
Five years ago—ah, five years ago!

Should I kneel down to-night and bless  
The happy hour when I gave you "Yes?"

Or wish that Time's step could backward go,  
And give me a chance to whisper "No?"

Would you tell me to-night, as you told me to-day,  
That you were truer than other men—

That age might alter the cheek and brow,  
But not the soul? Would you say so now?

Or should I have suffered that wisely smart,  
Half of your purse and—half of your heart?

Things that we have not might have been ours—  
Buds that might have blossomed to flowers;

Each might have found a perfect rest;  
From every one on the other's breast;

Or, as we see that others do,  
We might have had the chain that bound us two

Had I said "Yes" when I said "No,"  
You might have scolded me long ago.

A steak undone, or a button lost,  
Half your tenderness might have cost;

And I might have given you, it is true,  
All the sorrow that Caudle knew.

But as I said "No," I can always see  
Love in your eyes, in my memory—

Hear your voice as sweet as a robin's song,  
And believe that you cannot do anything wrong.

Had I said "Yes" instead of "No"—  
Well, no matter. It was not so. W. S. D.

HAPPY SAM, 5ft. 6in., dark hair, blue eyes, loving, and in the Navy. Respondent must be loving, and fond of a sailor.

MOORING SWIVEL 5ft. 3in., fair, dark hair and eyes, and in the Navy. Respondent must be loving, and fond of a sailor.

JAMES C., twenty, tall, fair, and in business for himself; will also have some money when of age. Respondent to be pretty, and about seventeen or eighteen years of age.

MARION AND CONSTANCE, fair, domesticated, accomplished, and loving. Respondents must be tall, good looking, and possess a moderate income.

JAMES S., twenty-six, 5ft. 8in., fair, hazel eyes, brown hair, and has a good income. Respondent must be good looking, loving, and fond of home.

CHARLIE, twenty-two, tall, dark, well proportioned, with an income of £200 a year. Respondent must be young, handsome, lively, and accomplished in music.

H. B. R., twenty-five, and in the enjoyment of a comfortable income. Respondent must be about nineteen, tall, dark, musical, and fond of home.

JEANNE, twenty-seven, a young widow, tall, of good appearance, and domesticated. Respondent must be tall, over thirty years of age, and in good circumstances.

ALICE, twenty-four, fair, brown eyes, cheerful, and domesticated. Respondent must be about twenty-eight, in easy circumstances, and steady.

LOUISA, twenty, tall, dark, affectionate, and cheerful. Respondent must be tall, dark, handsome, and fond of home.

WILLIAM, nineteen, 5ft. 8in., light blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, loving, and good tempered. Respondent must be fair, pretty, good looking, and be fond of a sailor.

M. E., twenty-six, fond of home, has a loving disposition, and belongs to a respectable family. Respondent must be of the Jewish faith, about thirty years of age, tall, and dark; a traveller preferred.

M. L. H., eighteen, short, dark hair and eyes, of good family, educated, domesticated, will have a marriage portion, and has other expectations. Respondent must be tall, in a good position, and under thirty-five.

A. V., twenty-three, 5ft. 4in., fair, a tradesman with good expectations, will make a good husband. Respondent must be fair, good looking, loving, fond of home and music, and domesticated.

ELFRIDA AND LAVINIA.—"Elfrida," eighteen, black hair

and eyes, clear complexion, lively, and affectionate. "Lavinia," eighteen, golden brown hair, brown eyes, amiable, and fond of music. Respondents must be friends, about twenty-two.

DARKEY MARSHAL, 5ft. 8in., good looking, fair complexion, curly hair, and fond of singing and home. Respondent must be good looking, not above twenty, fond of home and dancing, and must love a sailor.

EDWARD E., twenty-two, 5ft. 8in., dark, good looking, and has a good business of his own. Respondent must be about twenty, good looking, and of a loving disposition.

FRANCIS F., twenty-one, 5ft. 6in., dark hair and eyes, good looking, good tempered, with an income of £100 a year. Respondent must be about nineteen, good looking, affectionate, and have blue eyes.

VICTORIA, eighteen, medium height, dark, well educated, loving, and domesticated. Respondent must be a German, dark, about twenty-three, affectionate, steady, and good tempered.

LIZZIE, twenty, medium height, dark hair, full eyes, fresh colour, cheerful, and would like to meet with a really true-hearted man. Respondent must be about twenty-six, and of a loving nature; a widower not objected to.

EDWARD L., thirty, tall, good personal appearance, and with a small private income. Would like with a view to matrimony, to correspond with a good-looking lady of about his own age, and possessed of a little property; no objection to a young widow.

CHARLES E. B. wishes to meet with a lady, between thirty and forty years of age, with a little money, who would not object to take part in a shop in the corn trade, as he has but a young daughter to take that charge. He is tall, fair, steady, of religious habits, and has a good business.

TWO FRIENDS.—"A. B. C.," twenty-five, 5ft. 8in., dark, good tempered, gentlemanly appearance, and speaks French, Spanish, and Italian. "D. E. F.," twenty-six, 5ft. 9in., dark, good tempered, and loving. Both have good incomes. Respondent must be healthy, pretty, and accomplished.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

MABEL is responded to by—"Faithful Willie," twenty-two, 5ft. 6in., brown hair, dark eyes, pale complexion, good looking, of good family, fond of music, the pen, the pencil, and is an Irish Protestant.

SPRIGGLY LUCIE by—"Agnora," tall, good looking, steady, industrious, musical, and a farmer's son, with good prospects.

H. B. by—"Desdemona," seventeen, good looking, cheerful, faithful, loving, and domesticated;—"Boa," tall, fair, cheerful, faithful, and loving; wishes for his carter; and—"Vivian," fair, loving, domesticated, and will send her carter in exchange for "H. B.'s."

HARBERT W. by—"Somebody's Darling," twenty-one, tall, fair, a good manager, and affectionate;—"Ania Gerhardt," 5ft. 7in., fair, good looking, amiable, loving, and domesticated; and—"Lydia," domesticated, fond of home, and would make a loving wife.

PATIENCE by—"Sincere," forty-two, 5ft. 7in., stout, gray eyes, has about £500, and intends to emigrate in the spring either to South Africa or New Zealand;—"L. G. B.," forty-two, 5ft. 10in., gray eyes, and respectably connected.

J. C. S. by—"Lonely Nell," twenty-four, fair hair and complexion, and very loving—would like "J. C. S.'s" carter;—"Eusebe," twenty-four, tall, fair, dark curly hair, gray eyes, and very fond of home;—"J. E.," twenty-six, fair, loving, and domesticated; and—"Faithful-unto-the-End," the only daughter of respectable parents, nineteen, fair, loving, and fond of home.

J. V. M. by—"Nelly," eighteen, 5ft. 3in., dark, dark brown curly hair, dark eyes, good looking, ladylike, and has been well educated;—"Lily," eighteen, tall, fair, pretty, affectionate, and capable of making a good wife and happy home;—"Moss Rose," twenty, fair, hazel eyes, dark hair, tall, slight figure, domesticated, can sing, and play the piano;—"T. M. J.," tall, dark hair and eyes, a good figure, well educated, can play the piano, is lively, loving, and very fond of home;—"Ambrosine," seventeen, tall, fair, good tempered, good looking, loving, and domesticated; and—"Minna," nineteen, light brown hair, well educated, entitled to money, good looking, good tempered, affectionate, and lively.

MARY writes for "Walter's" carter. COMING TOWER wishes to hear from "Annie."

AFTER TURRET writes for "Kate's" carter. G. A. Z.—The description is too indefinite. NORA wishes for "Bridgroom's" carter.

LORELY KITTY's reply is not sufficiently authenticated. A. E. thinks he would suit "Nelly," and shall be glad if she will forward her carter.

X. Y. Z.'s reply does not contain the gentleman's name. ELIZA, a farmer's daughter, wishes for "Omega's" carter.

FRANCY W. would like the carter of the ladies who responded to him.

EVERYBODY'S JOURNAL, Parts 1 to 4, Price Threepence each.

THE LONDON READER, Post-free Three-halfpence Weekly; or Quarterly One Shilling and Eightpence.

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Also, the TITLE and INDEX to VOL. XV. Price One Penny.

NOTICE.—Part 36, for MARCH, Now Ready, price 7d., with large Supplement Sheet of the Fashions for March.

N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER," 534, Strand, W.C.

\* \* We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.



**BLACK SILK APRON, COLLAR, BAG, CROCHET LACE, SCREEN, CHRISTENING SHOES, FANCHON, &c., &c.**

**COLLAR.—No. 2.**

THIS neat collar for morning wear is of linen, with narrow strips of the same material stitched on in crossbars.



**BLACK SILK APRON TRIMMED WITH POINT LACE. No. 1.**

**BAG FOR VARIOUS ARTICLES.—No. 3.**

THIS bag may hang from the wall. For the side touching the wall cut the pattern from the illustration in cardboard, and cover it with mull muslin. Trim the outer edge with blue sarcenet ribbon, under which insertion of embroidery should be placed. This insertion is in the style of point lace, and should



**CROCHET LACE.—No. 4.**

be visible on either side of the ribbon. In the upper centre of this bag (the front part of which should be of white linen covered with mull muslin) is a pocket for a watch. This pocket has the appearance of a cushion adorned with lace. Puffs of muslin trim the linen. Bows of blue ribbon adorn the centre and the corners of the cushion.



**CROCHET LACE.—No. 5.**

**LACE IN CROCHET WORK.—Nos. 4 & 5.** This imitation lace is well suited for trimming fine linen. It is partly composed of thread braid and crochet work. The crochet, by means of embroidery cotton, is adorned with spots and leaves.

**SCREEN.—No. 6.**

POLISHED osier twigs furnish the frame of this screen, which

stands on three feet. The banner is of embroidered white cloth; floss silk is employed in the embroidery, the colour of which is left to the taste of the fair artist. The banner is trimmed with narrow black lace. Gold cord ending in blue silk tassels fastens the banner to the stand, and bows of blue sarcenet ribbon adorn the corners of the banner nearest to the stand.

**CHRISTENING SHOES.—No. 7.**

THESE dainty little shoes are cut out of white satin and white alpaca, the latter serving merely to give a little solidity. These shoes are wadded, lined

with white sarcenet, and quilted. A little embroidery in white silk is employed in the front quarters. The facings are worked in Russian and languette stitch. The silk employed for all the ornamentation is white floss.

**FANCHON IN TATTING.—No. 8.**

THIS fanchon cap is tatted in fine thread and trimmed with lace edging. With the assistance of the illustration this fanchon can be imitated with little difficulty.



**COLLAR.—No. 2.**

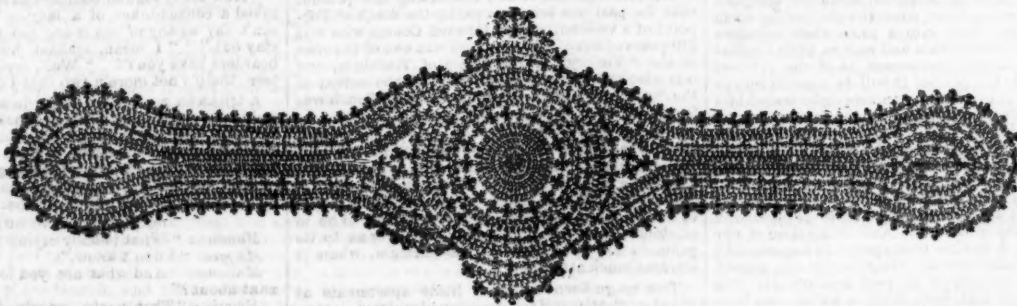
**FASHIONS.**

**AFTERNOON DRESSES.**—Striped silks are being made up into house dresses for afternoon wear. From sixteen to twenty



**SCREEN.—No. 6.**

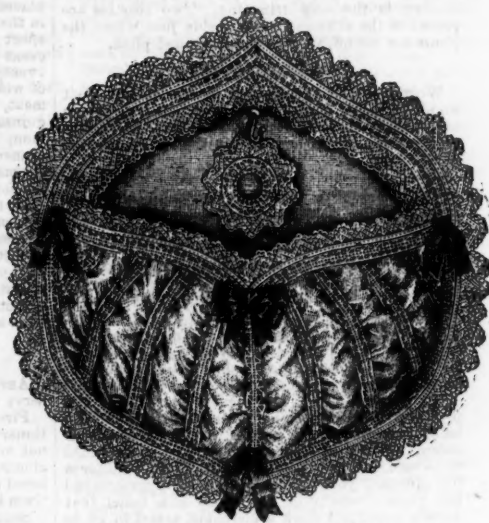
yards are required for a plain demi-train and a postillion basque; from twenty-five to thirty-five yards for a short skirt, trained over-skirt, and postillion. A single skirt is all that is necessary for the house. For a lady of medium height the train should be about fifty-five inches long, gored in front and sides, full



**FANCHON IN TATTING.—No. 8.**

behind, about four and a half yards wide, and lined throughout with cambric. It is a good plan to dispense with stout facing, in order that the dress may be made suitable for the street by draping over an under-skirt of black silk, or of silk the colour of the stripe. The edge of the skirt may be scalloped and

bound with black silk, but it is not necessary to trim it, as many over-skirts are simply hemmed. It is not stylish to trim these dresses with colours; black only is used on black. Ruffles of the material, fringed on the edges or hemmed, black fringe, gimp lace, or



**BAG FOR VARIOUS ARTICLES.—No. 3.**

velvet, are the prettiest trimmings. A succession of narrow gathered bias flounces overlapping each other is used if it is desired to make the dress elaborate. The Nilsson bow worn high in the chataleine, and a neck-tie of some bright colour to match the bow, with Roman gold jewellery, light up the dress sufficiently. The gay Mephistopheles scarlet ties and bows are worn with dresses of almost every colour, and by all complexions.



**CHRISTENING SHOES.—No. 7.**

**CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.**—The fashionable cloak for little girls from three to five years old is a long, ample sacque of French cony—the skin of the white rabbit. A muff is made to match, and sometimes a pretty little turban of the cony is worn. Plush in gay colours is not so much used for cloaks this winter as hitherto. Perhaps the prettiest cloak of all is of black velvet made in a walking coat with large cape, or else the simple loose sacque reaching to the knee, and disclosing merely a ruffle of the dainty white dress that children wear. Large white pearl buttons fasten the sacque up the entire front. A little old-fashioned bonnet, with cape and face trimming, and fitted snugly

over the ears, is worn with this sacque. Leggings of black velvet are shaped to fit over the knee, and are buttoned up the outer side of the limb with Roman pearl buttons. English twilled-back velveteen with silk finish is also used for cloaks and

leggings and Bruges lace on many garments in lieu of Valenciennes. Skirts of infants' robes and petticoats have row after row of Bruges insertion, separated by a cluster of tucks. Bruges lace of a corresponding design edges the skirt. Bereaunettes are covered with Swiss muslin lined with blue or rose-coloured silk, and trimmed with Bruges insertion and edging. Plainer bereaunettes are fitted up with dotted or

sprigged muslin over coloured cambric, and finished with a fluted ruffle, half muslin, half Bruges edging. The kilt suits worn by little boys still in petticoats are prettily ornamented with diamond-shaped gilt buttons. They are made of dark plum, blue, or gray cloth, or of Scotch plaids of gay colour. Black braid binding is the only trimming. Two rosettes are placed on the skirt on the right side just where the pleats are left off, and the front becomes plain.

**WOMAN.**—The affection of woman is the most wonderful thing in the world: it tires not—faints not—dreads not—cools not. It is like the naptha that nothing can extinguish but the trampling foot of death.

OUR TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT is showing some enterprise. In order to save time in sending messages from one office to another in London by wire, they will be despatched by a pneumatic tube of new invention. The distance from Telegraph Street (near the Bank) to Temple Bar will be traversed in less than five minutes. This invention, when somewhat improved upon, is likely to be very valuable and useful.

OUR WOODEN WALLS.—“A Friend to Poor Jack” writes:—“Can any of your readers explain the reason of Her Majesty’s ship ‘Dee’ being sent to sea in her present condition? She is now upwards of 40 years old, and there are parts of her completely rotten—in fact, handfuls of rotten wood can be extracted from her bows; and when it is considered that as far back as 1860 she was condemned to be broken up, and, instead, was patched up for a few months, your readers will readily understand her present condition. It is my firm belief that Lloyds would not allow a merchant vessel to go to sea in the condition in which the ‘Dee’ now is.”

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.—The largest thoroughfare from the Strand to the Thames Embankment—that by way of Norfolk Street—is now opened. There is also a project by Bill before Parliament for making a street from Holborn to the Temple Station on the Embankment, in connection with an underground railway. All this is very well, but it would be better if the public, especially the drivers of vehicles, could be persuaded to take to this roadway—which they never will do while it is flanked by a medley of public buildings, manufactories, and pleasure grounds, instead of rows of lively-looking shops.

A NEWLY-INVENTED “flying machine” was tried, it appears, at San Francisco on the 6th of January. Everything was got in order, and the propeller arranged to cause elevation, at 12.15 o’clock. The fire for raising steam was then kindled, and in one minute and a quarter steam was opened. At 12.47 the machine was cut loose, and the propellers started. The report states that she then rose most gracefully in the air, amid the cheers of the crowd who had gathered to witness the ascension. The machine was guided by cords attached to both ends of the balloon, and in the hands of persons on the ground. She ascended about fifty feet, and sailed along about a street, when she was pulled down to have her boiler replenished. Again she arose, this time to a height of about 200 feet. All the machinery “worked to the perfect satisfaction of the inventor.” The machine is named “America.”

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The convenience and comfort of the members of the House of Commons have been considerably promoted by some improvements effected during the recess. The old Tea Room has disappeared, and a handsome refreshment-room, which includes what was the Conference Room, occupies its place. The old refreshment-room is formed into a new tea-room and a new reading-room, while the old reading-room has been transformed into a room where members can see their constituents and receive their deputations. This latter improvement is of the greatest importance to the public. It will do more to relieve the lobby than even the restrictive order issued last session to keep strangers in the outer courts. Whether it will be equally appreciated by members themselves may depend on their desire to see their constituents; for that the constituents will be less easy to get rid of than in the noise and confusion of the lobby may be taken for granted. Another improvement may be regarded by some precisians as a great step towards the Americanisation of our institutions. A bar has been opened in a convenient recess where members and their friends may refresh themselves, as men do at such institutions. The House has, in fact, been made a better club than ever by the new provision for the creature comforts of its members.

MISS WRAGG’S COFFIN.—On Saturday week the annual custom of opening the vault of Miss Wragg, in the Bokenham Churchyard, took place. The practice has been carried out over a century, according to the deceased lady’s will, by which she left

certain charities, which are to go to Bromley parish in case the custom is neglected. The churchwardens and overseers, together with a number of parishioners, descended into the vault and dusted the coffin, which is of polished oak, and is in a most excellent condition, appearing as though recently placed there. There are two or three other coffins in the vault which have not the same amount of respect paid them, and consequently are in a state of great decay. The charity is distributed amongst twenty of the most indigent poor in the parish, each of whom receives bread to the amount of 1s. 6d., meat, 1s. 6d., coals, 5s., and 4s. 6d. in money. One guinea is left to the clergyman for preaching a sermon, and a certain sum for the churchwardens’ dinner. It has been the custom of the tradespeople for many years to dine together on this day, in commemoration of the event, and the rector of the parish, the churchwardens and overseers attended; but on this occasion the annual dinner was dispensed with; so the churchwarden, Mr. Purvis, purchased with the money left for the purpose of a dinner a quantity of bread, which he kindly distributed amongst the poor of the village, and as the season is very inclement, the money could not have been appropriated to a more beneficial purpose.

#### HUSBANDS.

ASSIST your wives in making home happy; preserve the hearts you have won.

Firstly. When you return from your daily avocations, do you find your habitations alluring? Do not sit down in a corner, silent and sullen, with clouded brow and repulsive visage! Meet your beloved ones with a smile of joy and satisfaction; take them by the hand.

Secondly. Never indulge in coarse, harsh, or profane words. These, to a woman of refinement, of delicate and tender sensibilities, are exceedingly disgusting, and tend to grieve her spirit. Let the law of kindness dwell upon your lips; write it upon the tablets of your hearts. Modesty and delicacy are gems of priceless value; keep them polished like burnished gold.

Thirdly. Husbands, be exceedingly cautious never to say or do anything that will tend to mortify the feelings of your wives in company. Here, if possible, show them more marked respect than when alone.

Fourthly. Give your wives to understand that you esteem them above all others; make them your confidants; confide in them, and they will confide in you; confidence begets confidence, love begets love, and sweetness begets sweetness.

Fifthly. Above all, sympathise with the wives of your bosom in the hour of affliction. Rejoice with them when they rejoice, and weep with them when they weep. Who, if not a bosom companion, will wipe from the cheek the falling tear of sorrow?

CALIFORNIA is adding to its wonderful productions that of cork. A plantation of cork trees, made fifteen years ago, in the Sonoma valley, is progressing very satisfactorily.

MESSES. WREN have promised to present to the new City of London Museum casts of all the medals executed by them for many years past in connection with this and other nations.

It may not be generally known that the beautiful charger upon which King Amadeus made his entry into Madrid died that same evening from cold. It appears that the cold has this winter been so severe in Madrid that horses are generally taken out to work in their clothing. The Italian groom in charge of the king’s horse left it without clothing, which caused its death.

ANOTHER of those links connecting the present with the past has been severed by the death at Torpoint of a veteran, named Edward Couch, who was 110 years of age. The deceased was one of the crew of the “Victory” at the battle of Trafalgar, and was also present with Lord Howe at the action of the “glorious 1st of June,” in 1794. Couch was forty years old when Nelson was killed.

A CURIOSITY.—During some excavations which were in progress at Taunton recently, an old pipe was dug up, on which was inscribed “John Hunt, 1561,” the inscription being plainly discernible. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and is stated to be the oldest specimen of a pipe known to be in existence, there being no doubt whatever as to its genuineness. It is now in the museum, where it attracts much attention.

THE magnificent suite of State apartments at Windsor Castle, the construction of which was commenced in the reign of King Charles II., and carried on during the reigns of George IV. and King William IV., has just been completed by the laying down of handsome oak floors in the Vandyke Room and Audience and Presence Chambers. These oak floors are beautifully polished, and greatly add to the magnificent appearance of the rooms. In the

Rubens Room, the Zuccarelli Room, Queen’s Closet, King’s Closet, and Council Chamber, the deal floors have been removed, and replaced by oak, previous to the completion of those named above. The whole of the State apartments are now finished, and will be available for the marriage of Princess Louise, if required.

#### FACETIÆ.

WHAT was the first bet made? The alphabet.

LITTLE girls believe in the man in the moon—big girls believe in the man in the honeymoon.

A GENTLEMAN the other evening objected to playing cards with a lady, because he said she had such a winning way about her.

A LADY in a menagerie being asked why she so closely scanned the elephant with her opera glass, replied that she was “looking for the keyhole to his trunk!”

TRIED FRIENDS.—A notorious sharper having observed that there was no knowing one’s friends till they were tried, was asked if most of his friends had not been tried already.

“WHICH side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?” said a counsel, cross-examining a witness. “On either side, sir. If ye go one way, it’s on the right; if ye go the other way, it’s on the left.”

“Tis strange,” muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, “how evil communications corrupt good manners. I’ve been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I’m a tumbler myself.”

“BUT AND BUY, IS EASEL-Y SAID.” If we are to believe this statement, picture-dealing still progresses in spite of the siege of Paris.

M. Meissonier, who is in Paris, has just sold to an amateur of that city his great picture of 1.57, for 300,000 francs (8,000*l.*). It is as yet unfinished.

It appears that there is one French painter at least who has not exchanged his pencil for a brush with the Prussians.—*Pan.*

#### THE CENSUS

Oh, sir—Mr. Punch—sir— It’s awful to think of. I’ve just read the announcement in the papers, and what England, as a free Briton’s country, is coming to, or where it’s going to, is more than I can imagine. Look here, sir:—

“The time fixed for the enumeration is midnight of Sunday, April the 2nd.”

If they’d have said April the first, one would have seen the joke at once.

“And every person there living is to be recorded—” (like Davenport brothers, who used to be tied up several times a night)—

“in a schedule—” (Why as bankrupts?)

“to be gathered in on Monday, the 3rd.” Now, sir, are our houses to be broken into at midnight on the second of April? Will the police come with schedules and pocket-books, almanacs, and parish registers, into one’s bedrooms at twelve o’clock Sunday night?

Isn’t Sunday a day and a night of rest? Of course. But indignation and indigestion choke my utterance. I am astounded.

On that night I shall double-bar my front door, and treble lock my bedroom, and defy the registrars-general and captains and colonels, and all their works. I won’t have my age taken at that time of night, except under protest.

Yours,

PRISCILLA SYNSTER.

Old Maids Vale, N. “How many regular boarders have you, madam?” asked a census-taker of a lady. “Well, really I can’t say as any of ‘em is any too regular. They stay out.” “I mean, madam, how many steady boarders have you?” “Well, really, out of nineteen, there’s not more’n two that I’d call steady.”

A QUAKER gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewellery, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl, as light as cobweb, she exclaimed: “What shall I do to get warm?” “I really don’t know,” replied the Quaker, solemnly, “unless thee should put on another breast-pin!”

ROGUES FALLING OUT.

Mamma: “What is baby crying for, Maggie?”

Maggie: “I don’t know.”

Mamma: “And what are you looking so indignant about?”

Maggie: “That nasty, greedy dog’s been and took and eaten my ‘punge-take!’”

Mamma: “Why, I saw you eating a sponge-cake a minute ago!”

Maggie: “Oh, that was baby’s!”—Punch.

UPON the marriage of one of her companions, a little girl of about eleven years of age, of the same school, said to her parents: “What do you think?



Amelia is married, and she has not gone through her fancies yet."

**A WIDE DIFFERENCE.**—There is sometimes wit in an unwitting answer, as in the reply of the lady who, when asked "What's the difference between the north and south pole?" unconsciously replied, "Why, all the difference in the world."

**A TRADESMAN** who had failed wrote on his front door: "Payment suspended for thirty days." A neighbour reading this, said: "You have not dated the notice." "No," said he, "I do not intend to do so; it would run out if I did."

**THE EDUCATION BOARD.**  
Boy, loq.: "D-i-e-n e-t m-o-n D-r-o-i-t. What does that mean, Bill?"  
Newspaper Sage: "That? Why—ah! Lion and unicorn, a-course!"—*Will-o'-the-Wisp.*

An old lady was telling her grandchildren about some troubles in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was a great thing of a head, to be sure," said the good old lady, "but it was a sad loss to him."

**A GENTLEMAN**, whose custom it was to entertain very often a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, and determined to cure him. Upon a repetition of the offence, he said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what James T. has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful."

**SARCASTIC.**—Slightly sarcastic was the clergyman who paused and addressed a man coming into church after the sermon had begun with the remark: "Glad to see you, sir; or, in; always glad to see those here late who come early;" and decidedly self-possessed was the man thus addressed in the presence of an astonished congregation, as he responded: "Thank you: would you favour me with the text?"

**SHELLING OUT, WITH A VENGEANCE.**—Much surprise was expressed when the Prussians were daily sending thousands of shells into Paris. The reason is now apparent. The barbarians, when they sent the shells into the devoted city, calculated that the time would come when they could make the city shell out. They did not calculate without their host, and, consequently, for every thousand shells of iron they discharged they now demand a return of millions in gold. This was indeed a safe investment.—*Will-o'-the-Wisp.*

**A THEATRICAL advertisement** in the columns of a contemporary runs as follows: "Wanted, an entire company for a circuit of theatres in the north. None need apply but those who intend keeping their engagement. None need apply but those that dress well, both on and off the stage. None need apply that smoke short pipes in the public streets. None need apply that don't believe in writing out and studying their parts. None need apply that are not sober, and cannot keep their own interests and the manager's in view."

**HATBAND MOURNERS.**—A fire burned down some business premises in Sydney, and amongst others the shop of a man who was so well covered by insurance that the company disputed his claim. Amongst the stock alleged to be lost were 10,000 mourning hatbands. The counsel for the company cross-examined the sufferer by fire about these hatbands—wasn't it an extraordinary large number? What probability was there of deaths creating a demand in a single shop for 10,000 hatbands? Replied the witness: "I did not keep the hatbands for those who grieve for the death of their friends; but for those who go into mourning for the grease of their hats." He got his insurance money.

**ANTIQUITY OF PULPITS.**—The solemn reading of the law of Moses to the populace of Jerusalem must have been an impressive service, when "Ezra the scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood which they had made for that purpose." As to its configuration we are not informed, though it must have been a spacious raised platform if the six persons named on one side of Ezra and the seven on the other were also upon it. Stone pulpits existed in some cathedrals, churches, and monastic refectories, and one of iron is stated to be in the "Galilee" at Durham. Entries at Exeter, 1318-25, relate to materials "pro la pulpitum," but that was a distinct barking on the north side of the church, for lectures and sermons. Capitals and bases for the ambros at Westminster were paid for in 1352. Preaching appears to have been a part of religious services from the earliest ages of the church; and the sermons were commonly delivered in the chancel in front of the altar. At a later time they were addressed from the ambo, or reading-desk, in the nave, an innovation assigned to Chrysostom at Constantinople. In some churches the preacher used to sit and the congregation to stand, and generally the lecture was more of the extempore kind than now prevails. The orderly conduct of a modern congregation arises from the discipline of ages, having suc-

ceeded, by gradual process, habits of comparatively little decorum, and the open expression of opinion on the merits of the preacher's discourse. The rarity of wooden pulpits of earlier date than the Reformation is no doubt principally attributable to the sweeping clearance of church fittings pursuant to that event, just as with altars, and roods, and screens. Yet they, one and all, are met with in modern Papal churches, where the presence of either can scarcely be due to the Reformation.

**MILITARY** men are getting ready for an Irish campaign in the summer and autumn. The Prince of Wales is to go to Ireland in August to open the show of the Agricultural Society, of which his Royal Highness is president this year. The visit is to be connected with a number of military displays, and several fresh regiments, chiefly infantry, are to be sent to the Sister Isle for the summer-drill season. The regiments for the most part will be quartered at the Curragh, where vast improvements for the reception of bodies of troops have been accomplished since the Government succeeded in taking up the whole plain of 5,000 acres as Crown property.

### THE TWO WISHERS.

Would that like you majestic mount—  
Firm on his base of granite bars,  
Grand with his citadels of rocks,  
Kissed by the still, approving stars—  
Imaging august quietude,  
Would that like him my being stood:  
And if noise ever shook the pile  
In day or night from thunder shocks,  
Soon would the grand old state return,  
And silence robe again the rocks.

Would that like yonder mighty stream—  
In his fierce rushing strength and grand  
Making his power heard and felt  
For ever in the answering land—  
Great image of the use of strife,  
Would that like him my earnest life:  
And if some slumber ever lay  
On his tumultuous bosom, soon  
The ice would, rended, sink, and he  
Thunder again his victor-tune.

Let both the wishers be too wise  
A moment even to scorn the other,  
But know that in their different lives  
Each unto each Heaven's made a brother.  
Sublime are both in use here,  
And aid in stillness and in motion—  
Our Universal Father's smile  
Crowns equally the mountain and the ocean.

C. E. M.

### GEMS.

**FRIENDSHIP** is a vase, which, if once flawed, may as well be broken; it can never be trusted after. A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a sweet flower.

We love much more warmly while cherishing the intention of giving pleasure than an hour afterwards when we have given it.

MAN wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons and he wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

**PEOPLE** who are always talking sentiment have usually no very deep feelings. The less water you have in your kettle, the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke.

**EVIL** thoughts in the soul of either man or woman, like oil in water, will rise to the top. No preparation of decent can amalgamate them with virtue so that they will remain concealed.

IN the winter the sun promises his coming by a long morning twilight, but when he comes, he shines dimly and sets soon. And so, with men, the longer their promises, the poorer their performances.

### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**TO CLEAN OIL PAINTED SURFACES.**—Take a piece of soft flannel, put it in warm water, and squeeze it till it feels dry, next dip it gently on to some very finely pulverised French chalk, and rub the painted surface with the flannel; the effect will be the removal of all dust, greasy matter, and dirt; the surface is then washed with a clean sponge and water, and dried with a piece of wash-leather. This method does not injure the paint like soap, and produces a very good result.

**CURING MEAT.**—To one gallon of water add one and a half pounds of salt, half a pound of sugar, half an ounce of saltpetre, half an ounce of potash. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed

off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well; though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. If this recipe is properly tried it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpasses it, if any so good.

**INDIAN CEMENT.**—The basis of this cement always consists of "gluten," made from wheat-flour by washing a quantity of the best wheat-flour in a running stream; so long as any "farina" remains the water will run off white from the maulin cloth in which the flour is contained. When the water runs colourless, take out the coagulated mass and beat it into a viscid dough in a clean Wedgwood mortar, or between two clean pieces of hard wood; it will soon become like birdlime. For most purposes this gluten, called "muslietech," or "sitting down," is mixed with about a quarter of its weight of coarse sugar or treacle, and the same quantum of newly burnt quicklime in fine powder.

### STATISTICS.

**THE LONDON AND COUNTY BANK.**—At the meeting of the London and County Bank, the report, which was adopted, showed a net profit for the six months of 87,167l., making a total of 94,349l., including 7,181l. brought forward. A dividend of 6 and a bonus of 3 per cent. were declared for the half-year, free of income-tax, making a total distribution for the twelve months of 173 per cent. The sum left to be carried forward is 4,349l. The balance-sheet contains the following items, viz.: Paid-up capital, 1,000,000l.; reserve fund, 500,000l.; amount due by the bank for customers' balances, etc., 13,396,251l.; liabilities on acceptances, covered by securities, 3,110,121l.; cash on hand, 1,995,283l.; cash at call and notice, covered by securities, 1,672,244l.; investments, 1,483,424l.; and bills discounted and advances to customers, 9,607,534l.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

It is understood in India that the income tax will be retained, but at a low figure.

THE will of Mark Lemon has been proved under 800l.; that of a deceased stockbroker under 600,000l.

THE ex-Queen Isabella intends to fix her residence in Austria, and is negotiating for the purchase of a château near Vienna.

WE regret to learn from a Paris paper that the famous works in the Museum of the Luxembourg have been destroyed in the bombardment of Paris.

**ALREADY** thirty-one lines of tramways for different parts of the metropolis and suburbs have been approved by the Metropolitan Board of Works.

THE new sword-bayonet, invented by Lord Elcho, is about to have an official trial with a view of testing its adoption by the War Department.

AN ice bridge has been formed across Niagara River, below the Falls, and it is said to be frozen so hard that it may remain for many weeks.

**BRIGHTON** is again selected as the spot upon which the Volunteer Review is to take place on Easter Monday.

THE Empress Eugenie was present at the dramatic entertainment at Drury Lane for the benefit of the suffering French. It is said that Her Majesty contributed a sum equal to half the proceeds of the entertainment.

IN accordance with a resolution of the Campbelltown Committee, the Duchess of Argyll has just selected a magnificent pearl necklace of two rows as the present from Kintyre to the Princess Louisa. The necklace is valued at between 6000l. and 7000l.

WHITE wine of pleasant quality is largely and increasingly sold in Melbourne at 2d. and 3d. the tumbler, and experience proves that men will drink wine in those dry climates in preference to all other beverages, if they can procure it cheap and grateful to the taste.

**STAFF APPOINTMENTS.**—The following staff appointments will fall vacant during the current year:—The Deputy Adjutant-General, Horse Guards; Assistant Adjutant-General, Horse District; Assistant Quartermaster-General, Southern District; Assistant Adjutant-General, Horse Guards; Director-General of Gymnasiums, Aldershot; Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, Cape of Good Hope; Command of the Northern District; Assistant Adjutant-General, Northern District; Lieutenant-General Commanding the Troops in the Dominion of Canada, head-quarters, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

# War, Love, and Duty!

DUDLEY ST. JOHN.

VOICE. *Maestoso con spirito.*

PIANO. *Tromba. f poco cres. ritard. f p*

When the trum - pet of war calls the  
The en - e - my conquer'd, the

sol - dier to arms, From the home-stead of peace, love, and beau - - - ty, Im - pa - tient, he rush-es to bat - tle's alarms, With a  
war - rior re - turns To the cot of con - tent, love, and beau - - - ty, No lon - ger his bosom for vic - to - ry burns, For in

*dolce.*

heart full of love, war, and du - ty. For war's dread alarms he leaves dear woman's charms, The bright eye, and the fair cheek of beau - ty; The  
bat - tle he did well his du - ty. No more war's alarms bid him leave woman's charms, The bright eye, and the fair cheek of beau - ty; The

*tempo e d'inn.*

can - non's loud roar, the field drench'd with gore, Pro - claim he is do - ing his du - ty, Pro - claim he is do - ing his du - ty, Pro -  
trumpet's shrill bray, sounds no more to the fray, But in peace he re - clines from his du - ty, But in peace he re - clines from his du - ty, In

*colla parte f p tromba.*

*ad lib.*

claim he is do - ing his du - ty, The can - non's loud roar, the field drench'd with gore, Proclaim he is do - ing his du - ty.  
peace he re - clines from his du - ty, The trumpet's shrill bray sounds no more to the fray, But in peace he re - clines from his du - ty.

*lento. f D.C. Symphony.*

The enemy conquer'd, the warrior returns  
To the cot of content, love, and beauty,  
No longer his bosom for victory burns,  
For in battle he did well his duty;

No more war's alarms bids him leave woman's charms,  
The bright eye, and the fair cheek of beauty;  
The trumpets shrill bray sounds no more to the fray,  
But in peace he reclines from his duty.

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